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THE DAWN OF THE CENTENNIAL.

BY MRS. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

The dawn of peace is breaking! breaking!
See the lights and hear the heralds of the century to be!
While the whole united people, with a bending heart and knee,
Crave the blessing of the Father, and thank Him that they are free.
The dawn of peace is breaking! breaking!

The nation unto joy is waking!
Note the throbbings of its full heart as they daily stronger grow;
Forgotten are the old discomforts, and the petty feuds, I know
Vanish, as we group together of our proudest flow.
The dawn of peace is breaking! breaking!

The nation unto joy is waking!
A joy that will be pure, absorbing, untempered by the grief
That comes with victories of war, and brings of sorrow with relief.
A great outburst of gladness, a country's fully ripened sheaf.
The dawn of peace is breaking! breaking!

The nation unto joy is waking!
Its first hundred years are passing, and to celebrate its birth
We extend free invitation all about the lovely earth,
That our friends in lavish numbers sit at our Centennial hearth.
The dawn of peace is breaking! breaking!

The dawn of peace is breaking! breaking!
See the lights and hear the heralds of the century to be!
While the whole united people, with a bending heart and knee,
Crave a blessing of the Father, and thank Him that they are free.
The dawn of peace is breaking! breaking!

A STRANGE STORY

OF A NEW YEAR'S CALL.

BY GEORGE GREY.

"MR. NELSON, I WISH TO PRESENT YOU TO MY WIFE."

CHAPTER I.

I hear the voices of gay young people, in the drawing-room below, receiving calls and exchanging gracious good wishes for the coming New Year. Young New York is abroad to-day, in force, in lavender kids, irreproachable boots, and *boutonnieres*.

With a sigh, not of sadness, but of relief, I turn from the window, remembering one New Year's day, far back in the past, that I would not willingly live over again. To our quiet village home, where there were few luxuries and many economies, there came one day a letter from rich old Aunt Von Pelt, enclosing a check for the replenishing of my scanty wardrobe, and containing an invitation to me to spend the Christmas holidays with her and my cousins.

This letter of my grandaunt's was a curious one; in it she said, "I hear that Amy is pretty, and I hope she is, for when people are poor the least they can do is to be good-looking and well-mannered."

When my mother read this part of the letter she glanced searchingly at me, while I, unused to hearing the question of my personal appearance discussed, dropped my head and blushed. My invalid sister, Mabel, looking up from the flowers that she was painting, said: "Of course our Amy is pretty, and Aunt Von Pelt need not be afraid of her poor relations' manners disgracing her; but how could she have heard anything about us? Mamma has not written to her for years."

I was wondering, too. The only friend I possessed in the great city was my old school-mate, Claude Nelson, who was studying law there. Could my aunt have met with him? This was not probable, as she was a gay and worldly woman, still spending her time in a round of pleasure, while Claude had often told us that he seldom went out, devoting all his time to study.

"Perhaps a little bird told her," said Mabel, and we dismissed the subject and plunged headlong into the mazes and mysteries of the toilet. Sometimes, while trying on my rich dresses, and sailing around in them to grow accustomed to my new feathers, as I said, I would feel a sharp pang of regret, looking at my sister's pale face and remembering that all was being lavished on me. Not one dollar of Aunt Von Pelt's money was to be spent on Mabel, who needed so many comforts, and deserved them so much more than I. Not that she ever once repined; but through all the busy whirl that preceded my departure, her face was always bright, her suggestions the happiest; and when I turned back, on my way to the cars with one of our village merchants who had promised to be my escort to the city, Mabel was at the window with my mother, smiling and kissing her hand to me. We three had been all the world to each other, and now I had gone forth toward the enchanted land of my girlhood's dreams.

My first impressions of New York life I shall never forget. The house we lived in seemed a palace, my aunt a strange old fairy, with numerous fleet-footed and silent emissaries to do her bidding, while my two cousins were gay, brilliant butterflies, to whom the days seemed to yield nothing but sweets. They were kind and generous to me, however, admitting me into all their pleasures, and taking great delight in decking me out in their own beautiful plumage, while Aunt Von Pelt would stand by nodding approval, and saying, "Yes, she has the Von Pelt features and bearing like her mother. Your mother was a beauty once, child; but she threw herself away on an army officer, and now she starves on his pension. Don't you be a fool about that, Amy, or I'll disown you. This talk about hearts and love is all moonshine—a heart is necessary for the circulation of the blood, but for nothing else, and love, unless there is wealth behind it, vanishes into thin air. While *gold* is real, you can hold it in your hand, you can buy the world with it, friends, lovers and all!"

There was something horrible in hearing this old lady talk thus, remembering what a short time at most she would be able to hold her treasure in her hand, but I, young and timid, dared not to gainsay her. She was the ruling spirit in the house, and there was something royal and commanding in her bold, erect figure and fine dark eyes. My cousins never dreamed of disputing her authority; for, since their mother's death, Aunt Von Pelt had had entire charge of them, and had succeeded in moulding them into thorough women of the world. Uncle Von Pelt was a man immersed in business, only to be applied to by his daughters when a new dress was to be purchased or a ball given. Into this strangely-new life I, a village girl of seventeen, wandered.

Is it to be wondered at that amid such new scenes, ways and ideas, I should have been dazzled almost to the losing of my own identity?

CHAPTER II.

Aunt Von Pelt was inclined to depreciate the wardrobe that I had considered fit for a princess, and for my first ball sent me home a dress so beautiful that I was almost afraid to touch it. In black velvet and point lace, this old lady chaperoned us, taking great pleasure in presenting me to her friends. One of these, a rather stout man with dark hair and sharp, eager eyes, was a Mr. Stein, whom my aunt informed me, in a stage whisper which I dreaded his overhearing, was "a bachelor, and a man of fabulous wealth — a most desirable *parti!*"

Not talking much, or seeming to expect me to talk; but staring at me in a way that made me feel thoroughly uncomfortable, I considered him anything but an agreeable companion. I met Mr. Stein at several parties, and my cousins told me that they had invited him, with a few others, to spend New Year's eve at my aunt's. "All on Amy's account," Clara added, laughing.

"Not for that reason, I hope, as I do not admire Mr. Stein."

"Tut, child!" exclaimed Aunt Von Pelt. "Did I not tell you that he was rich? A town house and a villa on the Hudson are not to be despised by a penniless girl!"

What a gay party we were that evening! There were about twenty in all, and having danced and played games until we were tired, some enterprising spirit suggested charades for the next entertainment.

"Ask aunt for the key of the great chest, Amy," said Ellen. "She will give it to you."

I timidly approached the old lady, and asked for the desired key, which she gave me without hesitation, saying:

"Wait a moment, Amy, you may wear the wedding dress, if it is needed in any charade. None of the others, remember, *only you*."

"The wedding dress!" I exclaimed, delighted, for I knew that it was expressly desired for a charade, whose whole word was matrimony. Looking up to express my thanks, I found Mr. Stein's eyes fixed upon me, and with a flush on my cheek turned away. As I left the room, I heard him say to aunt:

"Certainly a fairer bride could not be found."

"How ravishing!" exclaimed half a dozen voices, when the beautiful bridal dress was brought forth, and I stood arrayed in its folds of creamy white, a lovely veil of rich old lace enveloping my head and shoulders. I heard Clara whisper that it had never been worn by a real bride, as the one for whom it was made, hearing of her lover's death a week before her wedding day, was never known to smile again, and died within a year.

Shuddering, I begged them to take it off; it seemed to me a sacrilege to wear the dress, remembering the sad fate of that poor bride; but they rallied me on my folly, said I was superstitious, and trying to keep up my spirits by compliments and jests, drew me into the temporary green-room, where the gentlemen who were acting in the charade awaited us.

"The separate syllables of the word have all been acted," said Mr. Stein, coming forward, "and we are only waiting for Miss Cheston to assist us with the whole word. "See," pointing to a gentleman dressed in a college gown with bands, and book in hand, "my friend Upton has undertaken to act the parson; does he not look it to perfection?"

"He certainly looks solemn enough, and it is only play after all," I said, half frightened.

"Of course it's all play," said Clara and Ellen, who, with one of the guests, in old court dresses, were to act as bridesmaids.

"Now be sure to make the responses all right, Miss Cheston," said Mr. Stein, offering me his arm; and in a moment we were grouped under the chandelier, listening to solemn words, and saying them, too, for I did whatever they told me.

I was in a sort of dream, and have often since wondered whether real brides comprehend more about the marriage ceremony than I did that night.

The first thing that roused me was Mr. Upton's voice asking:

"Who giveth this woman away?"

To which Aunt Von Pelt, suddenly joining the group, responded in her clear commanding tones:

"I do!"

Then followed kisses and congratulations, from which I tried to escape, protesting, with burning cheeks, that it was almost as bad as being really married.

To which Mr. Stein replied, with a smile that made me shudder:

"Almost."

What did he mean by gazing at me so? and why did he exchange glances with Aunt Von Pelt, who stood there looking like a wicked old fairy?

I would stand it no longer, and all having of course divined the word, sped away to my room to divest myself of the bridal garments that had become so distasteful to me.

That night I sobbed myself to sleep, feeling for the first time the loneliness of my position among strangers, and thinking longingly of my mother, and Mabel, and Claude Nelson, whom I had not once seen since my arrival in New York, although my cousins had told me that they knew him.

CHAPTER III.

New Year's Day dawned so fair and bright that all the gloom of the previous night was dispelled by the brilliance of the morning sun. We were up and dressed early to receive visitors, for my cousins assured me that they might be expected at any hour.

Some beautiful flowers were brought in while we still lingered around the breakfast-table. Uncle Von Pelt took a magnificent basket from the servant, and reading the card on it, handed it to me, saying:

"And so my little country lass has already begun her heart-breaking business?"

A shadow must have crossed my "smiling morning face," for he looked surprised, and said:

"Are you not pleased with Mr. Stein's gift?"

"No," I whispered, not wishing my aunt to hear.

"I suppose young people have real hearts where you came from," said Uncle Von Pelt, kissing me and leaving the room.

"Amy's basket is the handsomest of all!" exclaimed Ellen. "We shall begin to be jealous of our country cousin. There goes the bell—our first call!"

And into the drawing-room we all flocked to receive the guest. Others followed, and so many, that I was quite bewildered.

Later, standing near the refreshment table talking to a young Mr. Graham, I heard Mr. Stein's voice beside me saying:

"Good morning; let me wish you a Happy New Year."

And, before I could reply, he had drawn my hand through his arm, and turning me around, said:

"Mr. Nelson, I wish to present you to my wife."

Lifting my eyes, flashing with sudden anger, they met other eyes so grave and reproachful, that mine drooped before them. When I found courage to raise mine again, Mr. Stein had gone over to exchange New Year's salutations with my cousins, Mr. Graham had retreated, and I stood alone with my old friend.

"Amy," he said, in a voice of anxious entreaty' "tell me, is this jest or earnest?"

My name always sounded strangely sweet from Claude Nelson's lips, and I smiled on hearing the well-remembered tones, saying "Oh! jest, of course; but how presuming in Mr. Stein to act so! There was a charade last night, and—" I went on to explain, rapidly, hoping to see Claude's face brighten; but as I proceeded, the shadow darkened across his brow, and his eyes, bent upon me full of tender solicitude, made me conscious of what I had long vaguely surmised—that he loved me. Old friend, and almost brother, as he had been to me from my earliest recollection, lately I had felt a strange constraint in his presence—a desire to avert an impending crisis, that led me to do and say many foolish things. I was not willing to settle down at once and be loved; I did not know what love was then; I wished to see something of the world first—to sip its sweets, and then turn to this faithful waiting heart. Folly, how bitterly repented!

"Amy," Claude said, "you cannot know how all that you tell me grieves me. I greatly fear that this was no mock marriage—that Mr. Stein feels that he has some claim upon you. He spoke to me quite freely of his wife, and I, ignorant of the circumstances, and little dreaming that you were the person, expressed my desire to meet her. If he is an honorable man, as I believe him to be, he will not press this claim, which may be utterly groundless. Your aunt's taking part in the ceremony is what most excites my suspicions." Here, seeing how agitated I was and how my hand trembled, Claude turned the conversation to home matters, asked after my mother and Mabel, and of the latest village gossip, until he was rewarded by seeing me smile once more.

"Now I must go and pay my respects to the Misses Von Pelt," he said, taking my hand in his for a moment, "and if Stein speaks to you on this subject, treat it as a jest, but be firm, unless (here Claude's voice trembled) you love him."

"I cannot abide him," I said, hotly, and with a final pressure of the hand, he was gone, and I, utterly wretched and dispirited, would gladly have sought the quiet of my own room.

One guest after another came in, however, and later, Mr. Stein, to request a moment's conversation with me in the library.

Ignoring his proffered arm, I followed him thither, bracing myself for the encounter.

"And now," he said, exultingly, "I wish to have a few moments' uninterrupted enjoyment of my wife's society."

"Why do you continue that foolish jest?" I cried, with forced gaiety.

"Because it is no jest," he replied, "we are legally married. I made up my mind to marry you the first time I met you, and I am not used to being thwarted, least of all, by girls not out of their teens. Last night a fitting opportunity occurred, and I took advantage of the presence of a friend of mine, a lawyer, who lives in a small town, and is often called upon to marry couples. He had a license in his pocket, which only needed to have the blanks filled up. This, by chance, of course, your aunt aided me in my little plan, knowing you to be young, foolish, wilful, and blind to your own interests."

"And entirely in her power!" I cried, bitterly.

"I will write to your mother, and in a few days all will be arranged, and my house ready for my bride. There you can receive your mother and sister, who will live with you in ease and affluence."

This Mr. Stein said, pompously lifting his head. Did he dream that his money could buy everything—heaven and earth?

"Never!" I cried; "my mother will never consent to such a sacrifice. I do not love you. I am not your wife, and never will be!" and escaping from the arm that he had thrown around me, I gained the door before he could prevent me, and flying, rather than walking, reached my own room, where I locked the door, threw myself on the bed, and allowed the grief and shame that filled my heart to find relief in burning tears. Sad and alone, (for I would not even admit my aunt,) I spent the remainder of this New Year's day that had dawned so brightly and that I had anticipated with such delight. Did I belong to this man in the eyes of the law, and would he insist upon claiming a wife who had not one spark of love for him, only to gratify his proud self-will. I felt that I could flee from him over the whole world, when I suddenly thought of my mother and Mabel. Could I leave them? No. I would go to them at once, and in the safe refuge of home escape my persecutor.

The next morning a letter came from mother, saying that Mabel was worse, and the village doctor felt that he could do nothing more for her. She had always been lame, and delicate as a flower. I carried the letter to my aunt, and with tears in my eyes, said:

"I must go home now, Aunt Von Pelt; Mabel is ill; they need me."

"No, my dear, you cannot go; I have a dozen engagements for you," she said.

When I insisted, aunt proved herself a veritable wicked old fairy, for she grew angry, and said, positively:

"You shall not go; I am your natural protector in the absence of your mother, and I forbid your return. She and Mabel can come here to you. That village doctor cannot help your sister; she needs the aid of our city physicians, and luxuries that gold alone can buy."

How her eyes flashed when she said it!

Mr. Stein continued his visits; I stoutly refused to see him, and Aunt Von Pelt did not insist. I think that this wily old diplomatist was waiting for Mabel's pale face to plead his cause. I wrote to Claude, but afterwards learned that, while I wrote, he was speeding toward R——, whither he had been summoned to his father's deathbed. My letter did not reach him for many days, and when his answer came, full of strength and counsel, the cords had so tightened around me that escape was impossible.

When able to travel Mabel had come to New York with my mother, her face so wan and suffering that I could scarcely look at it without tears. Mr. Stein called to see mother at once, and strange as it seemed to me, she took a fancy to him. Thus he and Aunt Von Pelt gained an ally.

Taught for years in the school of adversity, my mother had found its "uses" not "sweet" but bitter, and had learned to prize wealth above every earthly gift—not for herself, for she was the soul of unselfishness, but for Mabel and me. To see us rich and honored seemed to her the sum of all blessedness.

The tide was strong against me, and I, single handed, powerless to breast it. If Claude had been there—if his letter had come then—it would have changed the course of my life. From his silence I argued indifference, and goaded to desperation by all—except Mabel, who was too ill to be troubled by all this, and only appealed to me by the mute pleading of her wan face—I yielded, not to Mr. Stein's eloquence, but to my mother's tears—to Clara, who only said, "Your life will be blighted; even if you do not marry Mr. Stein, you can never marry any one else"—to Ellen, who said, "I should think that one look at your sister would decide the matter for you; you will be able to give her every comfort"—and to my aunt, who treated me as if I had been a child, and would have punished my rebellion with a few days' solitary confinement and bread and water, had not my mother interfered.

Now, in looking back over the years, I wonder at my folly—but the chains of my bondage were heavily gilded and bejeweled!

Mother insisted upon having another marriage ceremony, to which Mr. Stein, who professed no particular faith, reluctantly consented, saying:

"The civil ceremony has been performed; if you insist, Mrs. Cheston, we will go to church for the religious."

"It will be like the marriage of a princess," said Clara to Mabel; "and Mr. Stein has sent Amy a diamond necklace fit for a queen."

"I always fancied," said Mabel, pressing her lips against my cheek, "that Amy loved her old friend, Claude Nelson. I know that he loves her."

I dared not let her see my face, and, without answering, made some excuse, and hastily left the room.

CHAPTER IV.

A year passed away, and another New Year's Day found me, instead of the gay and happy hearted girl, full of blissful anticipations, the listless and idle mistress of a grand establishment, with a retinue of servants, and a wardrobe the envy of all my fashionable acquaintances, for my husband lavished everything upon me. In return he simply required me to grace his table, to entertain his friends, and to provide dinners for him more *recherche* than those of any of his friends.

My task seemed a light one, for my mother was always at hand to aid me, but my heart was not light. The luxuries and elegancies that had once charmed me, palled upon me now, and only in Mabel's studio could I find repose. Her face, rounder and almost rosy now, as she lifted it from her easel, would have spoken a benediction, I thought, to any heart, so full it was of joy and faith and perfect enthusiasm for her art.

If I ever came near loving my husband, it was when I thought of his many kindnesses to Mabel, and his respectful treatment of her and my mother. But, alas! we had no taste or interest in common, only mutely respecting each other's preferences. In turn I had my visiting, lunches and balls; my husband, his club and dinners. In the country I spent hours in my garden, while he had his friends with him, his dogs and his horses.

One evening, at a small reunion at Mrs. B——'s, seated before a large mirror which commanded a view of the door, waiting for a glass of water which a friend had gone to seek for me, I amused myself watching the arrivals. My figure was also reflected in the mirror, though my head was turned from the door, and as I glanced at it I could not help seeing that the rich folds of my black velvet

dress, the soft lace about my throat, and the spray of scarlet flowers that Mabel had artistically arranged in my hair were vastly becoming. Suddenly a tall figure appeared in the doorway—a man with grave and earnest eyes, that, resting on my figure for an instant, were lit up with glad surprise. In a moment he was by my side, and I heard Claude Nelson's familiar voice saying:

"I am so glad to see you! Are you well? I little dreamed Mrs. B—— had this treat in store for me, when I received her enticing little note."

How sweet it must be to meet friends in a foreign land, where all speak a strange tongue. Thus sweet it was to me to meet my old-time friend, whom I had not once seen since that New Year's day that seemed separated, by a great gulf, from my present life.

He had offended my husband by remonstrating with him at that time, by telling him plainly what he thought of his conduct, and though he was proud to welcome literary and distinguished men to his house, this young poet, rising so rapidly in the literary world, was never of their number. Even then I felt sure that Claude would not have sought me; but meeting me thus, unexpectedly, he gave himself up without reserve to the charm of long denied companionship.

Always he had been accustomed to talk to me freely of his hopes and plans and aspirations, and now the first greetings over, it seemed natural for me to ask him about himself, his life and work. Thus the conversation drifted into the old channel, and I—sitting there listening to his voice, looking into his face lit up with intellect and enthusiasm—for the time forgot the hollowness and weariness of my life, and lived over again the happy dreams of my girlhood. It did not last long, however, and Claude himself broke the subtle spell by saying:

"And you—what are you doing in the world? What are you making out of this life that holds such rare treasures for us all, if we will but seek them?"

I faltered, blushed and answered, candidly:

"Nothing!"

"At least," he said, smiling, "you have not forgotten your old habit of always telling the truth. But work is so good for us all, the best that the world can give, Mrs. Browning says, and I dread to see your face, which—you will pardon me for saying it—has always been a dream of loveliness to me, grow weary and dissatisfied, like so many women's faces in society, merely because nothing interests them supremely. Your fine gifts were given you for something better than this. Cultivate them, and you have leisure and ample means to help others. Seek out some girl who prizes this culture more than you, and help her to gain it."

"I do prize it—I prize it!" I cried.

"Right!" he said. "There is earnestness in your tones. Ah, Amy, you have not grown into the languid fashionable lady yet."

"No, my Mentor, no more than you have grown into the gay man of pleasure."

Then and only then, his brow clouded, and with a tone of bitterness in his voice, Claude said:

"If I had been living for mere pleasure, I should have given up in despair long ago. The events of one New Year's day, and days succeeding, taught me that the gratification of long-cherished desires was not to be mine; and thrown back upon my work, I have lived out the truth of these lines:

'Oh, 'tis hard to hear them praise us for the music we have learned,
For the sobs we choked within us, and the hidden tears that burned;'

If there is a line containing true feeling or pathos in my verses, it has come to me through the bitterness of my own experience."

Only this once did Claude revert to our past, and with no word of reproach toward me.

"Here comes Mrs. B——," he said, "to drive me away from your pleasant society, and elevate me to the disagreeable position of a lion. For I have become a sort of a lion, Amy. Can you realize it, that the boy who once wrote of

'Your golden threaded tresses
That each light breeze caresses,'

has written a volume of poems that the world will deign to read?"

"And *I* have not read them," I thought, with compunction, saying, "I can believe anything of *that boy*."

As he crossed the room with our hostess, so tall and noble, with the unmistakable mark of genius on his fine uplifted face, I thought bitterly of what I was, and what I might have been, while Aunt Von Pelt's words, "gold will buy everything, friends, lovers and all," rang mockingly in my ears.

Sitting there in my rich dress, listening to idle compliments, I felt that I hated it all, and when my carriage came, and I sank back into its luxurious cushions, glad to be alone, their very softness reproached me, for had I not sold myself that we might all sit in the "lap of luxury," and would I not now gladly relinquish it all to be Claude Nelson's wife, leading a life of honest toil? Ere long the better angel that watches over each one of us, whispered in my ear: "Repinings are vain, the past is irrevocable; but the present is yours; redeem it ere it be numbered with the things that have been."

With something of my old enthusiasm I turned to my books, studying with a will, and reading to keep myself *au courant* of the literature of the day. My husband ordered all the new books to be sent home to me, as he would have ordered toys for a child, glad to gratify my latest whim.

Among them I found Claude Nelson's poems, and soon lost in them, was wafted back to my village home and happy days, whose happiness I did not then realize. The sound of the meadow brook was in my ears; the soft rustling of the corn stirred by the summer air; the scent of the wild flowers was around me, and I, a joyous little maiden, with my boy-lover's hand clasping mine, trudged with him over hill and dale.

Turning the page upon this sweet pastoral, I read a plaintive little sonnet, called "*Aimez, bien Aimez*," that touched me strangely, and burying my face in my hands, I wept bitter-sweet tears. Had not Claude always spoken my name thus, and was this one poem for me alone? His genius, his gift of song belonged to the world; but this one little poem was mine—he had written it for me.

Later, when I heard a very lovely looking young lady sing these verses at a party, while Claude bent over her and thanked her for the delicate compliment, I felt all my evil passions rise within me. How dared she to take my poem and sing its sacred words where all the world could hear?

My husband sneered at the book of poems—laughed at its dedication, "To all True Womanhood," saying that it was proper, however, as the contents were only fit for women and children, and took particular delight in reading me the most scathing criticisms on the work. I cared little, for in his presence I heard it pronounced good by men of culture and taste, such as he was glad to welcome to his table, feeling that his wealth was powerful, not only to provide him with every luxury, but to surround him with men who stood high in art, science and literature. Hearing them discuss one book after another, and finding me able to join in the conversation, instead of listening silently as I had once done, I saw a look of pleased surprise cross his face.

Into all my plans for helping others, Mabel entered with deepest interest, and following Claude's advice to the letter, I found two young girls eager to gain an education and independence. In assisting them I found the sweetest pleasure that the days afforded me.

"Your friend, the poet, is about to marry a fortune, I hear," said my husband, one day at dinner.

"Is that really a fact, Mr. Stein?" asked a gentleman who was dining with us. "I have always understood that Nelson was the victim of some early and unhappy attachment. He seems so studiously to avoid the society of the fair sex. Have you not noticed that peculiarity, Mrs. Stein?

"No—yes," I said, hesitating, and jeopardizing my dress, as the glass of water that I held trembled in my hand; but I felt my husband's keen eyes scrutinizing my face, and with a great effort, said, "Mr. Nelson is a very old friend of mine; when I used to know him he was very fond of ladies' society. He is devoted to his work now."

"Ah! indeed! and who is the fair lady?" said one guest, determined to pursue the subject to the bitter end.

"Miss Alston, I hear. Do you know her, Amy?"

"I have met her; she sings beautifully," said I, remembering that she it was who had paid Claude the compliment of singing to him the words of his little poem so sweetly.

"*Aimez, bien Aimez*" no longer belonged to me.

Here Mabel, who had been trying ever since the conversation began, to direct it into other channels, asked one loquacious friend some question relative to art; he, priding himself upon his taste in such matters, was soon deep in a discussion of paintings, mezzotints, and the like, while I, in a sort of dream, asked myself what it all mattered to me—Frank Stein's wife.

Often, in the weeks that followed, I tried to persuade myself that I was glad of Claude's new happiness; but the result was a total failure, and, weary and worn with the struggle, I grew so pale and thin that mother and Mabel hailed with relief the return of Spring, and our subsequent removal to the country. Here there was so much to charm the senses during the long hours spent in the beautiful gardens and on the lawn, where the shifting lights and shadows were Mabel's delight, that with the summer days there came a sort of content. My mother was always so happy at Grantham and so proud of its beauties and elegance.

It was not a place to be miserable in, so said Aunt Von Pelt, who arrived upon the scene with my cousins and many other guests, bringing with them city ways, city *toilettes*, and city gossip.

"Do you know, Amy," said Ellen Von Pelt, as I lingered in her room while she dressed for dinner, "that that report about Mr. Nelson's engagement has not a word of truth in it. Mary Alston is engaged to Joe Groff, and your old friend is off to Europe for an extended tour."

What a bound my heart gave! Do you blame me? I only wanted to know that he loved me, somewhere. I think Mabel did not, when I told her what Ellen had said, with smiles that could not be repressed.

The summer wore away, and the autumn and the winter came; Claude Nelson was still away. No more chance meetings, I thought; no more kind and hopeful words; but being busy and interested in many things, I was more content.

CHAPTER V.

One autumn, nearly four years after my marriage, my husband, who was fond of hunting, had invited a large party of gentlemen to accompany him on a two weeks' expedition somewhere in the middle portion of the State, where deer still abound. For a week they were all at Grantham, where we indulged in a succession of gayeties, in which the neighborhood joined.

The night before the hunters' departure, my husband, drawing my hand through his arm, led me out on the lawn, and there pacing to and fro in the stillness of the evening, said:

"Amy, I sometimes feel that I have wronged you, and yet you seem happier now than during the first years of our married life."

"Yes," I replied, "I am happier."

"And sometimes I feel that you care for me a little more than you did then."

"Yes," I said, wondering at the earnestness and sadness of his tones; "and how could I help being grateful to you for all your kindness to Mabel and mother."

"It pleases me to hear you speak so, Amy, and although you could not learn to love me, you have been a faithful wife to me. I wished to tell you this, because lately I have been impressed with the uncertainty of life, and the necessity of doing what is to be done at once. In view of this I have made my will. It is better; something may happen to me during my absence."

"Then, why go, feeling as you do?" I cried, eagerly. "Why not give up this trip?"

"Because all our arrangements are made; it would seem like folly, childishness, to draw back. If I should return safely——"

"Oh, stay!" I pleaded; "do not go on this expedition."

How glad I was afterwards that I had spoken thus.

"I would give it up to please you, Amy, but it is too late, and I know of no particular danger."

A week later the man who had gone forth in perfect health was borne back to his home dead, shot through the heart. My husband's gun had gone off accidentally, while trying to climb a stone wall with it over his shoulder, and strange coincidence, Claude Nelson, who had joined this party, was the only one near him at the time. He it was who gave him what assistance was possible, wiping the death-damp from my husband's brow, and bending to catch his last whispered words, a message to me, and some incoherent sort of a prayer for forgiveness—

"I have wronged you, old fellow, forgive——"

It was a comfort to me to know that these two had been reconciled, and I thought often of those broken words, hard to be spoken by a proud man, in the days of loneliness that followed, when Mabel and my mother wept as for a benefactor and friend, while I wandered through the silent rooms that had lately resounded with so many gay voices, weeping, as we all weep when Death enters our homes, and weeping more because I could not shed more wifely tears.

Some months later, when the estate was settled, and there seemed nothing for us to do but hold our hands over our black dresses, we made our plans to sail for Europe. It had long been Mabel's desire, and I was only too glad to second it.

In Rome, Naples and Florence we spent happy days, I living a life of variety and ease that suited me, Mabel making great strides in her art, and mother looking on and smiling, happy if we were so.

One day in Venice, standing before the picture of some saint, which the sun touched with a ray that brought out all its beauties, I turned to draw Mabel's attention to it, and found myself face to face with Claude Nelson. His eyes lighting up with surprise and joy prepared me for the words that followed:

"Oh, *Aimez, bien Aimez*, I have found you at last."

REVIEWER.

From Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

Brought to the Front; or, The Young Defenders. By Elijah Kellogg, author of "Wolf Run," "Pleasant Cove Stories," etc.

This is another of those capital boys' stories for which Elijah Kellogg has become such a favorite with Young America. "Brought to the Front" is a story of days long gone by, and the boys who are the heroes of it were wilderness born, bred among the stormy scenes of frontier life, where food and shelter were of the rudest kind, and life itself often at stake. Every boy should read this book.

Miss Madden. By Mary Murdock Mason; with an introductory Poem by Joaquin Miller. Cloth, illus., red edge. Price $1 25. Published by Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.

This is a charming little book, somewhat dreamy, and yet in some respects natural and simple, being the story of a bright young American girl who travels to Europe in company of friends, spends the winter in Rome, where she revels in the novel and delightful license of the Carnival. The introductory Poem by Joaquin Miller is a great feature in the book.

Nearer, My God, To Thee. By Sarah Flower Adams; with designs by L. H. Humphrey.

The beautiful words of this hymn, so familiar to us all, have in this volume been set, not to music, but to exquisite engravings. Each verse has a full page illustration appropriate to the text. It is one of the most charming gift books for the season that we have seen.

One Hundred Years a Republic. Our Show. By Daisy Shawcut and Arry O'Pagus. Published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

This is the work from which we gave our readers two weeks ago a few extracts from advance proofs. A perusal of the whole work has given us much amusement, it being an exceedingly humorous account of the coming Centennial, from "inception to completion." It is profusely illustrated by A. B. Frost. It is impossible for any one to take offense at the hits in this witty brochure, as the burlesque is so good natured and so refined. "Our Show" is sure to become a decided success.

From Erie Publishing Company, Erie, Pa.:

Improved Diary, or Marginal Indexed Book of Daily Record, for 1876.

This is one of the most useful Diaries we have ever seen. The days of the month are indexed on the side, and the months at the foot of the page, giving one whole page to every day of the year. It is provided with a series of calendars, making the Diary good for five years instead of for one year only.

From Henry T. Williams, Publisher, New York:

Household Elegancies. Suggestions in Household Art and Tasteful Home Decorations. By Mrs. C. S. Jones and Henry T. Williams, author of "Window Gardening," etc.

This is the most charming gift book of the season, such a one as will be acceptable to every lady especially, being devoted to a multitude of hints and devices how to ornament homes cheaply, tastefully, and elegantly with fancy articles of their own construction. The directions given are very full and the work is profusely illustrated. We cordially recommend this dainty volume to all lovers of Home decorations.

NEW MUSIC.

The enterprising firm of White, Smith & Co., Boston, Mass., have sent us the following new pieces:

"A Proud Life leads the Mariner" (very pleasing); song and chorus; words by O. D. S.; music by Wm. C. Wright. "En Route" (a brilliant march); by Sydney Smith. "Dance of the Frogs" (a lively composition); by Chas. Fred'k Read. "Les Victoire;" galop de concert; by T. P. Ryder. "Wild Fire;" grand galop de concert; by C. D. Blake; for four hands. "Happy as a Bird;" a very pretty song; by C. A. White. "The Ocean by Moonlight;" caprice melodique for the piano; by Claude S. Haven. "Whispering Secrets;" reverie; by Franz E Zahn. "March Militaire," "Andante;" from Violin Sonata No. 1 in B, "Bolero" and "Galop;" being four of a series of easy compositions for piano, entitled "Musical Dreams." "Once Again;" a very pretty English song; by Arthur Sullivan. "Nazareth;" a sacred English song; by Chas Gounod. "All the Earth is Glad Again;" a beautiful Christmas anthem; by C. A. White. "Ruth, the Moabitess; a cantata; this has been composed specially for the use of Choral societies and the home circle, and full directions are given for the dramatic performance of the piece.

From Wm. A. Pond & Co., New York:

The Orpheus, for November, 1875.

An excellent number, containing two pieces of music and a varied assortment of good reading matter.

From C. J. Whitney & Co., Detroit:

The Song Journal, for December, 1875.

This is the closing number of Vol. V of this favorite musical journal, and for the coming Centennial year the editors promise to make it better even, if possible, than it ever has been before. In this number there are fifteen pages of new music, and excellent reading matter.

PATIENCE.—It is much easier in some cases than others to produce what looks like patience. There is a constitutional impatience which is the natural result of the delicate nervous system, and the quick, active brain which always accompany high talent and cultivation. Some people, again, seem naturally patient. They are not easily fluttered and excited. They are phlegmatic and comatose, the result mainly of a dull brain and a slow circulation. Extremely stupid people often seem remarkably patient. The truth is, the more patient men seem, the less patient they often are. That quietude of manner, which is the outward sign of patience in one striving against anger may be the outward sign of mere stolidity in another. It is not patience to be composed under what another would feel keenly, if the reason is that you do not feel it at all.

THERE are moments when the two worlds, the earthly and the spiritual, sweep by near to each other, and when earthly day and heavenly night touch each other in twilight.

SNOW-FLAKES.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Out of the bosom of the Air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and fair,
Over the harvest fields forsaken,
Silent and soft and slow
Descend the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

This is the poem in the air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded;
This is the secret of despair,
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field.

THE SPECTRAL CONDOR.

A Story of the South Sea.

By CAPTAIN MAYNE REID

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN FLIGHT.

A country-house ten miles distant from San Francisco, in a south-westerly direction. It stands back from the bay, half-way between it and the Pacific, among the Coast Range hills.

Though built of mud-brick—the sort made by the Israelites in Egypt—and with no pretension to architectural style, it is, in Californian parlance, a *hacienda*; for it is the headquarters of a grazing-estate, though not one of the first class, either in stock or appointments.

In both respects, it was once better off than now, since now it is less than second, showing signs of decay everywhere, but nowhere so much as in the house itself and the enclosures around it. The walls are weather-washed, here and there cracked and crumbling; the doors have seen no paint for years, and opening or shutting, creak upon hinges thickly coated with rust. The *corrals* contain no cattle, nor are there any to be seen upon the pastures outside. In short, the estate shows as if it had an absentee owner or been abandoned altogether.

And the house might appear uninhabited; but for some *peons* seen sauntering listlessly around it, and a barefoot damsel or two standing dishevelled by its door, or in its kitchen kneeling over the *metate*, and squeezing out the maize-dough for the eternal *tortillas*.

However, despite its neglected appearance, it has an owner; and with all their indolence, the lounging *leperos* outside and slatternly wenches within have a master. He is not often at home, but when he is, they address him as Don Faustino. Servants rarely add the surname. If these did, they would call him Don Faustino Calderon; for he is the *dueno* of the decayed dwelling.

Only at intervals do his domestics see him. He spends nearly all his time elsewhere—most of it in Yerba Buena, now styled San Francisco. And of late, more than ever, has he absented himself from his ancestral halls, for the *hacienda* is the house in which he was born; it, with the surrounding pasture land left him by his father, some time deceased. Since coming into possession, he has neglected his patrimony—indeed, spent the greater portion of it on cards and debauchery of every kind. The estate is heavily mortgaged; the house has become almost a ruin. In his absence it looks even more like one, for then his domestics, having nothing to do, are scarce ever seen outside to give the place an appearance of life. Fond of cards as their master, they may at such times be observed, squatted upon the pavement of the inner court, playing *monte* on a spread blanket, with copper *clacos* staked upon the game. When the *dueno* is at home, things are a little different; for Don Faustino, with all his dissipation, is anything but an indulgent master. Then his domestics have to move about and wait on him with assiduity; if they don't, they will hear *carajos* from his lips and get cuts from his riding-whip.

It is the morning after that night when the monte bank suspended play and pay—the time, six o'clock A. M. Notwithstanding the early hour, the domestics are stirring about the place as if they had something to do, and were doing it. To one acquainted with their usual habits, the brisk movement will be interpreted as a sure sign that their master is at home. And he is; though he has been there but a very short time—only a few minutes. Absent for more than a week, he has this morning made his appearance just as the day was breaking. Not alone, but in the company of a gentleman whom all his servants know to be his intimate friend and associate—Don Francisco de Lara. They have ridden up to the house in haste, dropped the bridles on the necks of their horses, and, without saying a word, left these to the care of a couple of grooms rudely roused from their slumber. The house-servants, lazily opening the huge door of the *saguan*, see that the *dueno* is in ill humor, which stirs them into activity. In haste they prepare the repast called for—*desayuno*!

Having entered and taken seats, Don Faustino and his guest await the serving of the meal, for a while in silence, each with an elbow rested on the table, a hand supporting his head, the fingers buried in his hair. The silence is at length broken.

"*Desayuno, senores!*" This from one of the domestics announcing the chocolate served.

A few moments suffice for the slight matutinal repast, after which, a decanter and glasses are placed upon the table, with a bundle of manilla cheroots, size number one.

While the glasses are being filled and the cigars lighted, there is silence. Then Calderon calls upon his guest to impart the particulars of that visionary revelation which promises to give them at the same time riches and revenge.

Taking a sip of the potent spirit and a puff or two at his cigar, De Lara responds to the call. But first leaning across the table and looking his confederate straight in the face, he asks, in an odd fashion, "Are you a bankrupt, Faustino Calderon?"

"You know I am. Why do you put the question?"

"Because I want to be sure, before making known to you the scheme I've hinted at. As I've told you, I'm after no child's play. I ask again, *are* you a bankrupt?"

"And I answer you, I *am*. But what has that to do with it?"

"A good deal. Never mind. You *are* one? You assure me of it?"

"I do. I'm as poor as yourself, if not poorer, after last night's losses. I'd embarked all my money in the monte concern."

"But you have something besides money? This house and your lands?"

"Mortgaged—months ago—up to the eyes, the ears, the crown of the head. That's where the cash came from to set up the bank that's broken—breaking me along with it."

"And you've nothing left? No chance for starting it again?"

"Not a *chico*. Here I am, apparently in my own house, with servants, such as they are, around me. It's all in appearance; in reality, I'm not the owner. I once was, as my father before me, but can't claim to be any longer. Even while we're sitting here drinking this Catalan, the mortgagee—that old usurer Martinez—may step in and kick us both out."

"I'd like him to try. He'd catch a Tartar if he attempted to kick me out—he or any body else, just now, in my present humor. There's far more reason for us to fear being pulled out by policemen, which makes it risky to remain here talking. So let's to the point at once—back to where we left off. On your oath, Faustino Calderon, you're no longer a man of money?"

"On my oath, Francisco de Lara, I haven't an *onza* left—no, not a *peso*."

"Enough. Now that I know your financial status, we will understand one another, and without further circumlocution, I shall make you the sharer of the bright thought that has flashed across my brain."

"Let me hear what it is. I'm all impatience."

"Not so fast, Faustino. As I've already twice told you, it's no child's play, but a business that requires skill and courage; above all, fidelity among those who may engage in it—for more than two are needed. It will want at least four good and true men. I know three of them, about the fourth I'm not so certain."

"Who are the three?"

"Francisco de Lara, Manual Diaz, and Rafael Rocas."

"And the fourth, about whom you are dubious?"

"Faustino Calderon."

"Why do you doubt me, De Lara?"

"Don't call it doubting. I only say I'm not certain about you."

"But for what reason?"

"Because you may be squeamish or get scared. Not that there's much real danger. There mayn't be any if the thing's cleverly managed; but there must be no bungling, and, above all, no backing out—nothing like treason."

"Can't you trust me so far as to give a hint of your scheme? As to my being squeamish, I think, senor, you do me injustice to suppose such a thing. The experience of the last twenty-four hours has made a serious change in my way of viewing matters of morality. A man who has lost his all, and suddenly sees himself a beggar isn't disposed to be sensitive. Come, *camarado*; tell me, and try me."

"I intend doing both, but not just yet. It's an affair that calls for certain formalities, among them some swearing. Those who embark in it must be bound by a solemn oath, and when we all get together, this shall be done. Time enough then for you to know what I'm aiming at. Now, I can only say, that if the scheme succeed, two things are sure, and both concern yourself, Faustino Calderon."

"What are they? You can trust me with that much, I suppose?"

"Certainly I can, and shall. The first is that you'll be a richer man than you've ever been since I've had the honor of your acquaintance. The second, that Don Gregorio Montijo will not leave California—at least, not quite so soon nor altogether in the way he is wishing. You may have plenty of time yet, and opportunities, too, to press your suit with the fair Inez."

"*Carramba!* Secure me that, and I swear —"

"You needn't act about swearing yet. You can do that when the occasion calls for it. Till then, I'll take your word. With one in love, as you believe yourself, that should be as binding as any oath; especially, when it promises such a rich reward."

"You're sure about Diaz and Rocas?"

"Quite so. With them, there won't be need for any prolonged conference. When a man sees the chance of getting sixty thousand dollars in a lump sum, he's pretty certain to act promptly, and without being particular as to what that action is."

"Sixty thousand dollars! That's to be the share of each?"

"That and more, maybe."

"It makes one crazy, even to think of such a sum."

"Don't go crazed till you've got it, then you may."

"If I do, it won't be with grief."

"It shouldn't, since it will give you a fresh lease of sweet life and renew your hopes of having the wife you want. But come; we must get away if we wish to avoid being taken away, though I fancy there's nothing to apprehend for some hours yet. The gringos have gone on board their ship and are not likely to come ashore again before breakfast. What with their last night's revelry, it'll take them some time to get the cobwebs out of their eyes after waking up. Besides, if they should make it a law matter, there'll be all the business of hunting up warrants and the like.

They do these things rather slowly in San Francisco. Then there's the ten miles out here, even if they strike our trail so straight. No; we needn't be in a hurry so far as that goes. But the other's a thing that won't keep, and must be set about at once. Fortunately, the road that takes us to a place of concealment is the same we have to travel upon business, and that is to the rancho of Rocas. There I've appointed to meet Diaz, who'd have come with us here, but that he preferred staying all night in the town. But he'll be there betimes, and we can all remain with old Rafael till this ugly wind blows past, which it will in a week, or soon as the English ship sails off. If not, we must keep out of sight a little longer or leave San Francisco for good."

"I hope we'll not be forced to that. I shouldn't at all like to leave it."

"Like it or not, you may not have the choice. And what does it signify where a man lives, so long as he's got sixty thousand dollars to live on."

"True; that ought to make any place pleasant."

"Well, I tell you you will have it, maybe more; but not if we stand palavering here. *Nos vamos!*"

A call from Calderon summons a servant, who is directed to have the horses brought to the door. These soon appear, under the guidance of two ragged grooms, who, delivering them, see their master mount and ride off, they know not whither, nor care they, so long as they are themselves left to idleness, with a plentiful supply of black beans, jerked-meat and monte. Soon the two horsemen disappear behind the hills, and the hypothecated house resumes its wonted look of desolation.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A CONVERSATION WITH ORANGS.

Notwithstanding his comfortable quarters in the frigate, Harry Blew is up by early daybreak, and off from the ship before six bells have sounded. Before retiring to rest, he had communicated to his patron, Crozier, a full account of his zigzag wanderings through the streets of San Francisco, and how he came to bring the boat's crew to the rescue. As the two officers are not on the early morning watch, but still abed, he does not await their rising, for, knowing that the adage, "First come, first served," is often true, he is anxious as soon as possible to present himself at the office of the agent Silvestre, and from him get directions for going on board the Condor. He is alive to the hint given him by Crozier, that there may be a chance of his being made mate of the Chilian ship. As yet he does not even know the name of the vessel, but that he will learn at the office, as also where she is lying.

His request to the lieutenant on duty for a boat to set him ashore is at once and willingly granted. No officer on that frigate would refuse Harry Blew, and the dingy is placed at his service. In this he is conveyed to the wooden pier, whose planks he treads with heavier step, but lighter heart, than when on the night before he ran along them in quest of assistance. With heavier purse, too, as he carries a hundred pound Bank of England note in the pocket of his pea-jacket, a parting gift from the generous Crozier, besides a number of gold pieces received from Cadwallader, as the young Welshman's share of gratitude for the service done them. Thus amply provided, he might proceed at once to the Sailor's Home, and bring away his embargoed property. He does not. Better first to see about the berth on the Chilian ship, and, therefore, he steers direct for the agent's office.

Though it is still early, by good luck Don Tomas chances to be already at his desk. Harry presents the card given him by Crozier, at the same time declaring the purpose for which he has presented himself. In return he receives from Silvestre instructions to report himself on board the Chilian ship, El Condor; Don Tomas furnishing him with a note of introduction to her captain, points out the vessel, which is visible from the door, and at no great distance off.

"Captain Lantanas is coming ashore," adds the agent; "I expect him in the course of an hour. By waiting here you can see him, and it will save you boat-hire."

But Harry Blew will not wait. He remembers the old saying about procrastination, and is determined there shall be no mishap through negligence on his part or niggardliness about a boat-fare. He has made up his mind to be the Condor's first-mate, if he can. Nor is it altogether ambition that prompts him to seek the office so earnestly. A nobler sentiment inspires him—the knowledge that in this capacity he may be of more service, and better capable of affording protection to the fair creatures whom Crozier has committed to his charge.

The watermen of San Francisco harbor do not ply their oars gratuitously, even the shabbiest of shore boats, hired for the shortest time, demands a stiffish fare. It will cost Harry Blew a couple of dollars to be set aboard the Condor, though she is lying scarce three cables' length from the shore. What cares he for that. It is nothing now.

Hailing the nearest skiff with a waterman in it, he points to the Chilian ship, saying:

"Heave along, lad, an' put me aboard o' yonder craft—that one as shows the tricolor bit o' buntin' wi' a single star in the blue. The sooner ye do your job, the better ye'll get paid for it."

A contract on such conditions is usually entered into with alacrity, and with celerity carried out. The boatman beaches his tiny craft, takes in his fare, and in less than ten minutes' time Harry Blew swarms up the man-ropes of the Chilian ship, strides over the rail, and drops down upon her deck. He looks around, but sees no one, at least nothing in the shape of a sailor, only an old negro, with a skin black as a boot, and crow-footed all over the face, standing beside two singular creatures nearly as human-like as himself, but covered with fox-colored hair—the pets of Captain Lantanas. The old man-of-war's-man is for a time in doubt as to which of the three he should address himself. In point of intelligence there seems not much to choose. However, he with the black skin cuts short his hesitation by coming up and saying:

"Well, mass'r sailor-man, wha' you come for? S'pose you want see de capen? I'se only de cook."

"Oh, you're only the cook, are you. Well, old caboose, you've made a correct guess about my business. It's the capten I want to see."

"All right. He down in de cabin. You wait hya, I fotch 'im up less'n no time."

The old darkey, shuffling aft, disappears down the companion-way, leaving Harry with the two monstrous-looking creatures, whom he has now made out to be orang-outangs.

"Well, mates," says the sailor, addressing them in a jocular way, "what be your opeenyun o' things in general? D'ye think the wind's going to stay sou'-westerly, or shift roun' to the nor'-east-art?"

"Cro—cro—croak!"

"Oh, hang it, no. I ain't o' the croakin' sort. Ha'n't ye got nothing more sensible than that to say to me?"

"Kurra—kra—kra. Cro—cro—cro—croak!"

"No; I won't do anything o' the kind, leastways unless there turns out to be short commons in the ship. Then I'll croak, an' no mistake. But I say, old boys, how 'bout the grog? Reg'lar allowance, I hope—three tots a day?"

"Na—na—na—na—boof! Ta—ta—ta—fuff!"

"No! only two, ye say! Ah! that won't do for me. For ye see, shipmates—I s'pose I shall be callin' ye so—'board the old Crusader I've been 'customed to

have my rum reg'lar, three times a day, an' if it ain't the same on this here craft, in the which I'm 'bout to ship, then shiver my spars, if I don't raise sich a rumpus as——"

"Kurra—kurra—or—or—croak! Na—na—na—boof—ta—ta—ta—pf—pf—pf—piff!"

The sailor's voice is drowned by the gibbering of the orange, his gesture of mock menace, with the semi-serious look that accompanied it, having part frightened, part enraged them. The fracas continues until the darkey returns to the deck, followed by the skipper, when the cook takes charge of the *quadrumana*, drawing them off to his caboose.

Captain Lantanas, addressing himself to the sailor, asks:

"*Un marinero?*" (A seaman?)

"*Si, capitan.*" (Yes, captain.)

"*Que negocio tienes V. commigo?*" (What is your business with me?)

"Well, capten," responds Harry Blew, speaking the language of the Chilian in a tolerably intelligible *patois*, "I've come to offer my services to you. I've brought this bit of paper from Master Silvestre; it will explain things better than I can."

The captain takes the note handed to him and breaks open the envelope. A smile irradiates his sallow face as he becomes acquainted with its contents.

"At last a sailor," he mutters to himself, for Harry is the only one who has yet offered. "And a good one, too," thinks Captain Lantanas, bending his eyes on the ex-man-of-war's-man, and scanning him from head to foot.

But, besides personal inspection, he has other assurance of the good qualities of the man before him, for at a late hour on the night before, he held communication with Don Gregorio, who has recommended him. The haciendado had reported what Crozier said—that Harry Blew was an able seaman, thoroughly trustworthy, and competent to take charge of a ship, either as first or second officer. With Crozier's endorsement thus vicariously conveyed, the ex-man-of-war's-man has no need to say a word for himself. Nor does Captain Lantanas call for it. He only puts some professional questions, less inquisitorially than as a matter of form. He speaks now in English.

"The Senor Silvestre advises me that you wish to serve in my ship. Can you take a lunar?"

"Well, capten, I hev squinted through a quandrant afore now, an' can take a sight; tho' I arn't much up to loonars. But, if there's a good chronometer aboard, I won't let a ship run very far out o' her reck'nin'."

"You can keep a log-book, I suppose?"

"I dar say I can. I've larned to write so 'at might be read, tho' my fist an't much to be bragged about."

"That will do," rejoins the skipper, contentedly. "Now, Senor Enrique—I see that's your name—answer me in all candor. Do you think you are capable of acting as *piloto*?"

"By that you mean mate, I take it?"

"Yes; it is *piloto* in Spanish."

"Well, capten, 'tai't for me to talk big o' myself. But I've been over thirty years 'board a British man-o'-war—more than one o' 'em—nn' if I wan't able to go mate in a merchanter, I ought to be condemned to be cook's scullion for the rest o' my days. If your honor thinks me worthy o' bein' made first-officer o' the Condor, I'll answer for it she won't stray far out o' her course, while my watch is on."

"Enough, Senor Enrique—B—bless. What is it?" asks the Chilian, re-opening the note, and vainly endeavoring to pronounce the Saxon surname.

"Blew, Harry Blew."

"Ah, Bloo—*azul esta?*"

"No, capten. Not that sort o' blue. In Spanish, my name has a different signification. It means, as we say of a gale after it's blowed past—it 'blew.' When it's been a big un, we say it 'blew great guns.' Now ye understand?"

"Yes; perfectly. Well, Senor Blew, to come to an understanding about the other matter. I'm willing to take you as my first officer, if you don't object to the wages I intend offering you—fifty dollars a month and everything found."

"I'm agreeable to the tarms."

"*Basta!* When will it be convenient for you to enter on your duties?"

"For that matter, this minute. I only need to go ashore to get my kit. When that's stowed, I'll be ready to tackle to work."

"*Bueno*, senor; you can take my boat for it. And if you see any sailors who want to join, I authorize you to engage them at double the usual wages. I want to get away as soon as a crew can be shipped. But when you come back we'll talk more about it. Call at Senor Silvestre's office, and tell him he needn't look for me till a later hour. Say I've some business that detains me aboard the ship. *Hasta Luego!*"

Thus courteously concluding, the Chilian skipper returns to his cabin, leaving the newly appointed mate free for his own affairs.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE "BLUE-PETER."

The ex-man-o'-war's-man, now first-mate of a merchant-ship, and provided with a boat of his own, orders off the skiff he has kept in waiting, after tossing into it two dollars—the demanded fare—then slipping down into the Condor's gig, sculls himself ashore.

Leaving his boat at the pier, he first goes to the office of the ship-agent, and delivers the message intrusted to him. Then contracting with a truckman, he proceeds to the "Sailor's Home," "relieves" his *impedimenta*, and starts back to embark them in his boat; but not before giving the bar-keeper, as also the Boniface, of that inhospitable establishment a bit of his mind. Spreading before their eyes the crisp hundred-pound note, which as yet he has not needed to break; he says, tauntingly:

"Take a squint at that, ye land-lubbers! There's British money for ye! An' tho' 't be but a bit o' paper, worth more than your gold-dross, dollar for dollar. How'd ye like to lay your ugly claws on 't? Ah! you're a pair of the most gentlemanly shore-sharks I've met in all *my* cruzins, but—ye'll never have Harry Blew in your grups again!"

Saying this' he thrusts the bank-note into his pocket; then paying them a last reverence with mock-politeness, he starts after the truckman, already *en route* with his kit.

In accordance with the wishes of Captain Lantanas, he stays a little longer in the town, trying to pick up sailors. There are plenty of these sauntering along the streets and lounging at the doors of drinking-saloons. But even double wages will not tempt them to abandon their free-and-easy life; and the Condor's first officer is forced to the conclusion, he must return to the ship *solus*.

Assisted by the truckman, he gets his traps into the gig; and is about to step in himself, when his eye chances to turn upon the Crusader. There he sees something to surprise him; the "Blue-Peter!" The frigate has out signals for sailing! He wondered at this; there was no word of it when he was aboard. He knew, as all the others, that she was to sail soon—it might be in a day or two. But not as the signal indicates, within the hour or two.

While conjecturing the cause of such hasty departure, he sees something that partly explains it. Three or four cables' length from the Crusader is another ship, over whose taffrail floats the flag of England. At a glance, the old man-o'-warsman can tell she is a corvette; at the same time recalling what, the night before he has heard upon the frigate: that the coming of the corvette will be the signal for the Crusader to sail.

While his heart warms to the flag thus displayed in the harbor of San Francisco, it is a little saddened to see the other signal—the "Blue-Peter;" for it tells him he may not have an opportunity to take a more formal leave of his friends on the frigate, which he designed doing. He longs to make known to Mr. Crozier the result of his application to the captain of the Chilian ship, to receive the congratulations of the young officers on his success; but now it may be impossible to communicate with them, the Crusader so soon leaving port. He has half a mind to put off for the frigate in the Condor's gig, into which he has got. But Captain Lantanas might, meanwhile, be wanting both him and the boat.

All at once, in the midst of his irresolution, he sees that which promises to help him out of the dilemma—a small boat putting off from the frigate's sides, and heading right for the pier. As it draws nearer, he can tell it to be the dingy. There are three men in it—two rowers and a steersman. As it approaches the pier-head, Harry recognizes the one in the stern-sheets, whose bright, ruddy face is towards him.

"Thank the Lord for such good luck!" he mutters. "It's Mr. Cadwallader!"

By this time the dingy has drawn near enough for the midshipman to see and identify him; which he does, exclaiming in joyful surprise:

"By Jove! it's Blew himself! Hello! there, Harry! You're just the man I'm coming ashore to see. Hold, starboard oar! Port oar, a stroke or two. Way enough!"

In a few seconds the dingy is bow on to the gig: when Harry, seizing hold of it, brings the two boats side by side, and steadies them.

"Glad to see ye again, Master Willie. I'd just sighted the Crusader's signal for sailing, an' despaired o' havin' the chance to say a last word to yourself or Mr. Crozier."

"Well, old boy, it's about that I've come ashore. Jump out, and walk with me a bit along the wharf."

The sailor drops his oar and springs out upon the pier, the young officer preceding him. When sufficiently distant from the boats to be beyond ear-shot of the oarsmen, Cadwallader resumes the conversation:

"Harry; here's a letter from Mr. Crozier. He wants you to deliver it at the address you'll find written upon it. To save you the necessity of inquiring, I can point out the place it's to go to. Look along shore. You see a house—yonder on the top of the hill?"

"Sartinly, I see it, Master Willie; and knew who lives in it. Two o' the sweetest creeturs in all Californey. I s'pose the letter be for one o' them?"

"No, it isn't, you dog; for neither of them. Read the superscription. You see it's addressed to a gentleman?"

"Oh! it's for the guv'nor his-self," rejoins Harry, taking the letter and running his eye over the direction—Don Gregorio Montijo. "All right, sir. I'll put it in the old gentleman's flippers safe an' sure. Do you want me to go with it now, sir?"

"Well, as soon as you conveniently can; though there's no need for helter-skelter haste, since there wouldn't be time for an answer, anyhow. In twenty minutes the Crusader will weigh anchor and be off. I've hurried ashore to see you, hoping to find you at the ship agent's office. How fortunate my stumbling on you here! For now I can better tell you what is wanted. In that letter, there's something that concerns Mr. Crozier and myself—matters of importance to us both. When you've given it to Don Gregorio, he'll no doubt ask you some questions about what happened last night. Tell him all you know, except that you needn't say anything of Mr. Crozier and myself having taken a little too much champagne, which we did. You understand, old boy?"

"Parfitly, Master Will."

"Good. Now, Harry, I haven't another moment to stay. See! the ship's beginning to show canvas. If I don't get back directly, I may be left here in California, never to rise above the rank of reefer. Oh! by the way, you will be pleased to know that your friend Mr. Crozier is now a lieutenant. His commission arrived by the corvette that came in last night. He told me to tell you, and I had nearly forgotten it."

"I'm glad to hear it," rejoins the sailor, raising the hat from his head and giving a subdued cheer—"right glad; and maybe he'll be the same, hearing Harry Blew's been also purmoted. I'm now first mate o' the Chilian ship, Master Willie."

"Hurrah! I congratulate you on your good luck. I'm delighted to hear of it, and so will he be. We may hope some day to see you a full-fledged skipper, commanding your own craft. Now, you dear old salt, don't forget to look well after the girls. Again good-bye, and God bless ye!"

A squeeze of hands, with fingers entwined, tight as a reef-knot, then relaxed with reluctance, after which they separate.

The mid, jumping into the dingy, is rowed back towards the Crusader, while Harry rehires the truckman, but only to stay by and take care of his boat till he can return to it, after executing the errand intrusted to him. Snug as his new berth promises to be, he would rather lose it than fail to deliver that letter. And in ten minutes after, he has passed through the suburbs of the town, and is hastening along the shore road towards the house of Don Gregorio Montijo.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOME MEN are like pyramids, which are very broad where they touch the ground, but grow narrower as they reach the sky.

THE REJECTED LOVER!

OR

The Adventures of Robert Temple.

By MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

CHAPTER VII.

WHICH IS THE REJECTED LOVER?

Rosalind got herself ready for the reception following her cousin's wedding in a tumult of mind which defies description. Her maid put the finishing touches to her dress, clasped the soft fetters of pearls around her neck, and then left her alone.

"Surely, surely, *he* will not be there," she thought. "He will not be so cruel; he would not subject me to such an ordeal, for he must know how the sight of him—the meeting of him with curious strangers looking idly on—would overcome me."

There was a light tap at the door. Mr. Vane's cheery voice from without, called to her.

"Rosalind, dear, are you ready? It is rather late, and St. Albert is waiting with all of a true lover's impatience."

"A true lover!" thought Rose. She started up and viewed herself in the glass. It was a beautiful vision that smiled back at her. Soft flushed cheeks; soft twined braids and curls of careless chestnut hair; the soft brown eyes were dim with some extreme emotion—gleaming, as if veiled, by a thin mist of tears.

"*Am* I beautiful?" she thought. "To myself I look hateful beyond measure. Oh, why was I cursed with these mysterious charms that lovers pretend to see? Why was I made so fair—so fair, like Margaret, for my own undoing? But I am not undone! No, I say I am not! I will not have it so!"

She brushed aside some hasty tears, and went out.

"You are late, my dear," said her father, who met her, "but never mind; not a woman in New York but would be late, if the result would be as satisfactory as this. St. Albert, I give over my treasure to you."

"Thanks!"

The young man came forward and took the little gloved hands. They were so cold that the chill struck through to his own.

"Mine; for all time! Are you ill, Rose? How pale you are. She has fainted!"

It passed in a moment, and she stood on her feet again, smiling resolutely, and protesting that it was only the day's excitement, which had rather worn on her.

The parlors were full when she entered them on St. Albert's arm. They fell into the stream of people pressing forward to the bridal pair.

Lieutenant Cornwell was looking his best—happy and proudly satisfied. The bride was rather pale, and seemed to be carrying on her part with an effort. Two of the guests that night knew well enough that it was only by the exercise of a powerful self control that she kept up.

"Shall I congratulate you?" whispered St. Albert, mockingly, in her ear. "Shall I tender you my best wishes for your future happiness, Mrs. Cornwell?"

Mrs. Cornwell shivered.

"Unmanly!" she murmured, with trembling lips. "Go! Leave me, I tell you, before I lose my self-command and betray everything.

He had sense enough to obey her. She turned to her husband: "Frank, dear; I am rather warm. I wish you could get me something—wine or cordial. My strength seems to be going."

He hastened to fulfill her commands.

"You are looking badly," he said. "I'll leave you in Temple's charge. Here, Bob; take my place a moment, will you?"

Robert Temple! Rose, standing near, caught the name. She turned and met his eyes fixed on her—she bowed coldly. She was alone for the moment, and she looked around for a seat. Her limbs trembled under her—she could scarcely stand.

"Oh, why did I come?" she thought. "I might have guessed how hard it would be for me to meet him now. And why did he come?" she thought, with weak anger. "He should have known better; but men are always selfish. Oh, it is cruel, cruel. And why does he not go, when he sees how agitated I am?"

She stole away into a window-recess filled with flowers. She crouched there, stealthily, thinking herself unobserved, and trying to still her beating nerves and heart. She had sat there thus, perhaps three minutes, when a footstep sounded beside her—Robert Temple was bending over her.

"All alone, my darling?" He took her hand and kissed it.

"Hush!" She looked about her with a frightened air. "Why did you come? I asked you not. Oh, why did you?"

"Why did I come?" he repeated, coolly. "I come to see you. I have not too many opportunities, and must improve each one that presents itself."

"Hush! Don't speak so loud, you will be heard. And indeed, you must go now; you must not stay here with me longer. Go; go at once!"

"And why, pray, must I go? Why may I not stay by you? I am most comfortable here."

"Hush! Oh, hush!"

She clasped her hands together in a terror of dread, and looked again fearfully about her.

"Don't say that to me again," he cried, fiercely. "You have said nothing else but hush since I joined you. And may I ask, Rose, what is this report St. Albert is so industriously circulating, of your engagement to him? Do you sanction the announcement?"

"No; oh, no!" She looked piteously in his face. Great tear drops rolled down her cheeks. "How can you ask such a question?"

"I am glad of it," returned Robert Temple, composedly. "It relieves me of the immediate necessity of contradicting him. As it is, let the poor beggar amuse himself. And yet," he pursued, reflectively, "and yet, I doubt if it would not be infinitely wiser to put an end to all concealment at once; such entanglements are always productive of annoyance. I am not a very patient man, and it might be better to tell the truth now."

"But you will not! you will not!"

In an agony of dread Rose caught his hand in both hers and lifted it pleadingly to her lips. She looked as if she were on the point of falling at his feet.

"You will not speak now, Robert, for my sake; it would kill me with shame. Oh, Robert, don't be cruel! Oh, you don't love me now, or you would not torture me!"

She looked up into his face as if seeking to read her doom there. He stood up, coldly resolute, and she feared him.

"You don't love me, Robert, when you frighten me like this!"

"Don't love you!"

He looked quickly down at her. He had not realized before how much she was suffering. His handsome face changed and softened; his eyes grew tender with the light love sent to veil their fire.

"Oh, my darling! what a brute I am! There! don't shake so! I am going; but first, where is your card? You will dance, I suppose, and can give me a waltz by-and-by—just one, that I may take you in my arms a moment, and say good-bye?"

He took her card and put his initials, R. T., opposite a Strauss waltz half-way down.

"There; that will do. I am off now. St. Albert is coming. I petition for just this one dance, Miss Vane," he said, in a louder voice, for St. Albert's benefit.

That gentleman, coming up in search of his partner, nodded with a suspicious air to young Robert Temple.

"I hope you don't give away many dances to that sort of applicant," he said, as he carried Rosalind off. "However, as matters stand, and as we are being congratulated all round, it might be considered rather a generous thing of you to give him one dance in the character of the rejected lover."

Always the rejected one! Robert Temple was getting rather tired of the part.

When the dance he had stipulated for was called, he went in search of Rose. She was sitting in a chair apart by the window, St. Albert having mounted guard by her side. She was looking rather exhausted, and she had been driven half wild by the congratulations poured in upon her and St. Albert.

"This is our dance, I believe, Miss Vane."

She rose obediently. Mechanically she extended her hand that he might assist her to rise. St. Albert's voice checked her.

"Miss Vane will not dance any more to-night. This has been rather a trying day for her"—he spoke wiser than he knew—"and she has exerted herself too much already. You can see for yourself that Miss Vane is quite exhausted."

Miss Vane turned white, and stood trembling, quivering. She lifted her eyes appealingly to Robert's face. Those lovely eyes were full of a mute eloquence which Robert felt in its extreme force. He never once looked at St. Albert; he kept his burning gaze on her.

"I believe I am heartless enough to claim this one favor," he said, slowly, "unless you refuse to endorse your word. As it stands now I urge a claim paramount to all others."

Rose read the secret significance of these words. Again she would have taken his arm, but again St Albert spoke.

"You will not dance again, Rosalind. It is my desire that you should not make yourself unpleasantly conspicuous in associating with a person whose entrance into society was forced, to say the least—a person of whose antecedents nothing is known."

Rose stared at the speaker at first in simple amazement, then she flushed up, quivering from head to foot with indignant anger.

"What do you mean, St Albert, by this language before me; to one whom—" she stopped, choking.

He did not hear her; he was staring up at the man whom he had so insulted. Robert seemed to expand in stature. He took a step nearer and stood looking down, towering over the miserable creature who had made use of those words.

"Take back that speech—every word of it! I give you just one minute to do it in! If you don't at the end of that time, I will throw you out of that window!"

Just to hear the voice in which he spoke then, was to make sure that Robert Temple would do as he said. St Albert had no choice but to obey. He took his words back.

"Oh, well—yes—I am glad to find I was mistaken. Only a mistake, you know—no offence meant," he growled, with as good a manner as he could put on. "But one must draw a line somewhere, you know!" he muttered, maliciously, by way of afterthought.

"Do you care to dance now?" asked Robert, coolly, yet solicitously, as he looked in his companion's pale face; "because, if you don't, I can easily find you a comfortable seat, away from all observing eyes."

"We will take our turn," she answered, faintly, "and then I will ask St Albert to take me home."

They took "a turn," whirling once down the room in the train of the gay company; then he led her to a seat and stood looking at her. The mist that covered his eyes made her face gleam indistinctly as if seen through a transparent veil. The high spirits of the early evening seemed to have left him now.

"I am sorry this happened," he said, regretfully, when he saw how pale she was—she looked like a person whose nerves are strung to the highest pitch of endurance; another touch and the tension would give way beneath the strain. "You won't blame me, my darling, that I could not foresee this?" he continued, anxiously.

"Blame you? Oh, no! no! A thousand times over I blame myself and *him*; but not you!"

"Don't speak of him!" he cried out angrily. "And as for all this trouble and confusion, there shall be an end to that, too, by and by."

"An end!—and it seems to me that we are only seeing the beginning of it now. But I am tired—worn out and depressed, and all the future seems dark!"

He stood regarding her with infinite pity. There was some remorse, too, mingling with compassion that he felt.

"Rose," he murmured, brokenly; "Rose, why don't you tell me to my face what a brute I am? I go on making you trouble all the time, and you bear it, like the sweet angel that you are! Why don't you fly out at me and abuse me? I deserve it!"

"Shall I call you bad names?" she smiled faintly. "I am afraid you would resent it, as you did St Albert's bad manners just now, and end by punishing me." Again she stretched out her hand. "Go now, and do not seek to see me again till I bid you come! You must obey me in this. I must rest; I cannot bear more and live!"

"But I must hear from you—think of my suspense. You will write to me—you will do as much as that, Rose, to make my way brighter?"

"It were better not to, believe me Let us rest for a time. Let us drift on the current and gather strength. Go, now—my strength is fleeting fast!"

He stood silent, looking at her. To part from her like this; to leave her so—faint, foot-sore, weeping! He crushed his hands together, tortured beyond bearing. *Could* he bear it?

"Good-night!" she whispered, bravely, smiling to the last; but though her lips could smile, tears stood so thickly in her eyes that she could see nothing save the outline of the dark head bowed above her hand. She felt his hot tears, too, falling on her palm.

"Good-bye!" he repeated, huskily, his voice rough and changed. "Rose, must it always be 'good-bye' for us? Good-bye, tender eyes, good-bye, lovely lips! How many times I wake at night and think of you—of the first time I saw you that night. You were sleeping in your chair; your hair fell in a soft bright cloud—it curled about your forehead and round your white, uplifted arm—"

He stopped, his words choking in his throat. She sat looking at him. Swift and fast her tears, unchecked now, rained down her cheeks. All the world might have come and looked on and seen them. What was the world to her now—she had forgotten it. There was no world save him, the man she loved, and her!

"Must I leave you in that man's care?" he asked, suddenly, his manner altered. "I cannot bear to do it, Rose—it adds to the pain of parting! Must it be? Is there no other way?"

And she answered him:

"It must be! It is better so for the present—far better!" Her smarting eyes, tender and sorrowful, sought his. "My strength is failing! Go!"

"Oh, must I! and leave you so—alone?"

And again Rose answered him:

"Alone!"

Yet still he hesitated.

"Rose, to have come so near happiness and yet to miss it! Must it all end so? God! is this to be the end of that bright dream of love I cherished, the black and bitter end?"

* * * *

That night Rose rode home by St Albert's side. She was silent and sorrowful; but once in her own home her native courage came back to her. She walked up to St Albert and took his hand in both hers.

"St Albert," she said, "you are a generous man—you will be generous now. Release me from the promise which binds me to you. I ask it in the name of all humanity! I do not love you—I cannot be your wife!"

His face turned white with the rage that filled his heart. His eyes shot fire.

"You wish to marry somebody else! Is that what you mean?"

Her cheek flushed scarlet at the insult conveyed, rather by his tone than by the words he used.

"I will not trouble myself to answer that. I ask you to formally release me from my engagement to you. I wish to be free from it. It was a promise thoughtlessly made. In Heaven's mercy set me free!"

"And by Heaven I will not!" shouted the infuriated man. The very words the poor child used, in her excitement, exasperated him and set him against her. "A promise is a promise—you shall keep yours to me! Do you think I am a football to be tossed up and down at your caprice? Do you imagine I fail to see the meaning of this little play? Oh, it is quite transparent, I see it all!"

She shrunk away from him—her spirit was beaten down again by his violence.

"Well—very well! You say you will hold me to my promise, that I shall marry you! Say that I do! And then, if at some later time I am hard pressed, tortured and tempted, as I am tortured and tempted now, then, I say, look to it, and remember this hour's talk, and do not judge me too harshly, for a desperate woman cares little what becomes of her."

She turned and fled away from him, a white and passionate woman. Then on the stairs she stopped again; stood a second, her hand to her forehead, then returned to the parlor where he was waiting, lost in thought.

"St Albert," she said, calmly, "I was wrong in speaking as I did just now. I do not love you; but if I were to marry you, I should be a true and faithful wife. I would keep your name, surely as I would my own, pure and unspotted before the world!"

"Trust me for that!" he flung back, hotly. "Aye, trust me for that! Do not for one moment fear but I can take care of my own—aye, and keep it, too!"

She looked in his face a moment. Her lips moved as if she would speak, but no words came. When she went to her room she looked in her glass and was shocked; she was so wan, so haggard, so ghastly pale. These different phases of emotion she was passing through were killing her. She was looking ten years older than when she left that room a half dozen hours before.

"God help me!" she groaned. "Where is my youth going?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A FAMOUS MEDICAL INSTITUTION.

From the Chicago Times.

The name of Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., has become as familiar to the people all over the country as "household words." His wonderful remedies, his pamphlets and books, and his large medical experience, have brought him into prominence and given him a solid reputation. The *Times*, in the present issue, presents a whole-page communication from Dr. Pierce, and our readers may gain from it some idea of the vast proportions of his business and the merits of his medicines. He has at Buffalo a mammoth establishment, appropriately named "The World's Dispensary," where patients are treated, and the remedies compounded. Here nearly a hundred persons are employed in the several departments, and a corps of able and skilled physicians stand ready to alleviate the sufferings of humanity by the most approved methods. These physicians are in frequent consultation with Dr. Pierce, and their combined experience is brought to bear on the successful treatment of obstinate cases. The Doctor is a man of large medical experience, and his extensive knowledge of materia medica has been acknowledged by presentations of degrees from two of the first Medical Colleges in the land."

If you would patronize Medicines, scientifically prepared by a skilled Physician and Chemist, use Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines. Golden Medical Discovery is nutritious, tonic, alterative, and blood-cleansing, and an unequaled Cough Remedy; Pleasant Purgative Pellets, scarcely larger than mustard seeds, constitute an agreeable and reliable physic; Favorite Prescription, a remedy for debilitated females; Extract of Smart-Weed, a magical remedy for Pain, Bowel Complaints, and an unequaled Liniment for both human and horse-flesh; while his Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is known the world over as the greatest specific for Catarrh and "Cold in the Head" ever given to the public. They are sold by Druggists.

PROVERBS are the fruits of the longest experience conveyed in the fewest words.

RECEIPTS.

HEARTBURN.—This common and distressing affection is generally connected with indigestion. To relieve it for the moment, magnesia, soda, or seltzer water, or water acidulated with sulphuric acid, may be employed. To cure the complaint requires the digestive powers to be strengthened by tonics, bitters, and some preparation of iron. The application of a blister over the stomach may be of use. The white oxide of bismuth in six grain dose, three times a day, taken in milk, has been found of service.

A TABLESPOONFUL of ammonia in one gallon of warm water will often restore the color of carpets, even if injured by acid or alkali. If a ceiling has been whitewashed with the carpet down, and a few drops should fall, this will remove it. Or, after the carpet is well beaten and brushed, scour with ox-gall, which will not only extract grease but freshen the colors. One pint of gall in three gallons of warm water will do for a large carpet. Table and floor oil-cloths may be thus washed. The suds left from a wash, when ammonia is used, even if almost cold, cleanse floor-cloths well.

EVERYBODY knows—who has a nose—how thoroughly the odor from boiling cabbage, cauliflower and turnips will penetrate every portion of a house. It is now said that a lump of charcoal about half the size of a hen's egg—or we might add a piece of chalk—boiled with these things, will nearly prevent such odor from roving about. The remedy is a little bit worse than the evil. But there is a certain preventive of this odor, in a patented thing which is called an evaporator. It consists of a conducting pipe which is inserted in the pot (part of the invention), and discharges the steam into the fire.

TO MAKE CLOTH WATERPROOF.—Take 18 ounces of alum, and dissolve in 5 gallons of boiling water; then, in a separate vessel, dissolve the same quantity of sugar of lead in like amount of water—mix the two solutions, immerse the cloth (porous fabrics are the best), and handle it well in the liquid until every part of it is thoroughly penetrated. Then squeeze, and dry in the air, or in a warm apartment; then wash in cold water and dry, when it is fit for use. If necessary, the cloth may be dipped in the liquid and dried twice before being washed. The cloth (either linen or woolen) thus treated, sheds water like the feathers on the back of a duck.

ONE of the simplest, yet most efficacious cures, if used in the early stage of a felon, is the following: Take a raw egg, break and empty it, peel off the skin from the inside of the shell, and wind it round the finger over the seat of pain. Put the inside or wet side next the skin. It should remain as applied ten or twelve hours, if the patient can endure it. The principle of its action is purely mechanical. As it dries it contracts with great force, and thus effectually compresses the affected parts, and it must be borne in mind that success in suppressing a felon depends more upon compression than the medicinal properties of any poultice or liniment that can be applied. If you permit the felon to go too far ahead, lauding will be unavoidable.

As one pound of Dobbins' Electric Soap (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia) will do the work of five pounds of any other, it is really the cheapest, though it costs a little more per pound. Try it.

ITEMS of INTEREST.

— The Khedive of Egypt has recently established a high school for women, containing over two thousand students, similar in many respects to the normal colleges of this country.

— It is estimated that at least a million and a quarter pounds sterling are expended yearly by the English missionary societies, outside the regular church agencies, upon foreign, colonial, and home enterprise.

— Italy is negotiating for the purchase of the island of St. Helena. One of her sons—Napoleon Bonaparte—died there, and she desires to own the grave; she would also turn the island into a Botany Bay.

— The new line of fortifications round Paris is rapidly approaching completion. It extends over one hundred miles and includes many detached forts, as impregnable as modern military science can make them.

— The Canadian ghosts are inconsistent to the last degree. There are two of the peculiar people now haunting Beauharnois in that country, and they signalize themselves by singing hymns and stealing sheep and chickens.

— The Newfoundland cod fishery has not been such a failure this year as reports have indicated. The catch has only been one-third less than the average, instead of one-half, while at Labrador it has been nearly up to the average.

— This season the elements are having full swing around the circle. Storms and floods in France, Switzerland, and Italy caused heavy damages last month. Paris alone had 160 chimneys blown down, and some of her streets dampened by the Seine.

— The Inman Steamship Company have decided to build two immense steamers for their New York and Liverpool line, to be 100 feet longer than any ship in the present fleet. They will be 625 feet in length, with a 45-foot beam, and will be nearly as large as the Great Eastern.

— In the year 1874 the gross receipts of the railway companies of the United Kingdom amounted to nearly 60,000,000 sterling, and the nett receipts exceeded half a million a week. The passenger trains traveled nearly 97,000,000 miles in the year, and the goods and mineral trains traveled above 100,000,000 miles.

— The report of the Agricultural Bureau for November and December states that the corn crop is one of the largest ever grown in this country, probably equaling the crops of 1870 and 1872; that the potato is extraordinary, both in product and quality, the total yield being fully one-fourth larger than last year; that the cotton crop will "pass the limit of" 4,000,000 bales; and that there is an increase of 75 per cent. in the yield of tobacco over that of last year.

$50,000 WILL BE PAID FOR ANY remedy which will cure Chronic Rheumatism, Pains in the Limbs, Back and Chest, Sore Throat, Insect Stings, Croup, Dysentery, Colic, Sprains and Vomiting, quicker than Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment, established in 1847; never fails. Sold by the Druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, N. Y.

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The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.
1821

Saturday Evening, Jan. 8, 1876.

NOTICE.

For the convenience of agents, advertisers, and others having business with this paper, and to enable us to fill all orders promptly, we have established agencies in the following cities:

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Pittsburgh—198 *Penn Ave.*,
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New York—292 *Broadway*,
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HONEST LIVING.

The courage of self-control exhibits itself in many ways, but in none more clearly than in honest living. Men without the virtue of self denial are not only subject to their own selfish desires, but they are usually in bondage to others who are like-minded with themselves. What others do, they do. They must live according to the artificial standard of their class, spending like their neighbors, regardless of the consequences, at the same time that all are, perhaps, aspiring after a style of living higher than their means. Each carries the others along with him, and they have not the moral courage to stop. They can not resist the temptation of living high, though it may be at the expense of others; and they gradually become reckless of debt, until it enthralls them. In all this there is great moral cowardice, pusillanimity, and want of manly independence of character.

A right-minded man will shrink from seeming to be what he is not, or pretending to be richer than he really is, or assuming a style of living that his circumstances will not justify. He will have the courage to live honestly within his own means, rather than dishonestly upon the means of other people; for he who incurs debts in striving to maintain a style of living beyond his income, is in spirit as dishonest as the man who openly picks your pocket.

To many this may seem an extreme view, but it will bear the strictest test. Living at the cost of others is not only dishonesty, but it is untruthfulness in deed, as lying is in word. Strict adherence to even the smallest details of morality is the foundation of all manly and noble character.

CONSCIENCE AND WILL.

The voice of conscience speaks in duty done; and without its regulating and controlling influence, the brightest and greatest intellect may be merely as a light that leads astray. Conscience sets a man upon his feet, while his will holds him upright. Conscience is the moral governor of the heart—the governor of right action, of right thought, of right faith, of right life—and only through its dominating influence can the noble and upright character be fully developed.

The conscience, however, may speak ever so loudly, but without energetic will it may speak in vain. The will is free to choose between the right course and the wrong one, but the choice is nothing unless followed by immediate and decisive action. If the sense of duty be strong, and the course of action clear, the courageous will, upheld by the conscience, enables a man to proceed on his course bravely, and to accomplish his purposes in the face of all opposition and difficulty. And should failure be the issue, there will remain at least this satisfaction, that it has been in the cause of duty.

WANT OF PUNCTUALITY.

It is astonishing how many people there are who neglect punctuality. Thousands have failed in life from this cause alone. It is not only a serious vice in itself, but it is the fruitful parent of numerous other vices, so that he who becomes the victim of it, gets involved in toils from which it is almost impossible to escape. It makes the merchant wasteful of time; it saps the business and reputation of the lawyer, and it injures the prospects of the mechanic. In a word, there is not a profession, nor a station in life, which is not liable to the canker of the destructive habit. Many and many a time has the failure of one man to meet his obligations brought on the ruin of a score of others. Thousands remain poor all their lives, who, if they were more faithful in their word, would secure a large run of custom, and so make their fortunes. Be punctual if you would succeed.

ENTERPRISE.—There are few men so hopelessly and disadvantageously situated that they cannot rise and succeed in any right and reasonable undertaking. But he must be a man conscious of his strength and fixedness of purpose, who can say, "I can and will succeed, and will build for myself, in spite of all hindrances, a name and a fortune." To such a man, the obstacles over which his energy triumphs only give a zest to his labors; they whet and exhilarate his spirits, and increase his enjoyment.

EHEU, ANNI FUGACES.

BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON.

The "Old Year dying," do you say?
The phrase seems scarce a true one;
Old Year! it is but yesterday
That it was called the *New* one.
And can another now be nigh
Already on its traces;
Ah, have we not good cause to cry,
Eheu, anni fugaces!

So quickly mount our yearly sums,
We recognise with sorrow
How soon "this day twelve months" becomes
"The day after to-morrow."
Time never halts nor tires—indeed
Methinks age mends his paces,
And adds a vigor to his speed—
Eheu, anni fugaces!

But if you are to go, Farewell!
'Tis almost time you started
For that distant bourne where dwell
The ghosts of years departed;
The stable where Time's steeds are stalled
When they have run their races;
Whence never one was e'er recalled—
Eheu, anni fugaces!

Pray bear my message to those years
To which I've murmured *Vale!*
Tell them how on my brow appears,
The crow's foot deeper daily.
Say how the furrows from Time's plough
More plainly show their traces;
How hair, once black, is blanching now—
Eheu, anni fugaces!

Say how—but hark! the bells o'erhead
Toll out the Old Year dying;
And ere his lingering foot has sped,
The New one's blither flying.
Who knows what this may have in store
Of doubt, delight or danger?
Farewell once more, old Seventy-Five,
And—"*Welcome, Little Stranger!*"

HATTIE RAYNOR'S CHRISTMAS.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

The bells of Grace Church were chiming the call of Christmas Eve, when Hattie Raynor entered her sister's boudoir, and after kissing that lady's somewhat faded cheek and glancing a moment at a marvel of silk, and lace, and flowers that lay upon the sofa, turned to the window, and, parting the curtains a very little, stood watching the snow-flakes that fluttered down soft, through the twilight, and fell over the living crowd that surged this way and that, seeming so eager for something that lay beyond.

Suddenly the whole city was alive with bells. They shook out their wonderful melodies—measure after measure—till the very winds grew wild with passionate rejoicings, and even the faces of the poor brightened from their pallor, and, for a moment, were aglow with something like delight.

But the face at Mrs. Judge Pearson's window gave no sign of any share in the general exultation, and a suspicious moisture in its tender eyes seemed wholly out of place, and not at all to be accounted for that eve of all eves belonging to the year.

"I wish you'd come here, Hattie," Mrs. Pearson said, when, at last, the bells were quiet. "You've been dreaming quite long enough, and I want to see the effect of this lovely spray. Of course, it will show to much better advantage when your hair is properly dressed," she added, securing the spray where it rippled down over the blue-black hair, yet bringing no smile to the sweet, sad lips. "You'll be the belle of the ball, little sister; but I don't believe you care one bit about it. Now most any other girl in your place would be half wild with excitement over the prospect of exhibiting that *lovely dress*, even if no *better* prospect was before her. There's nothing like it *this* side of Paris, and I've taken so much pains for you, and I'm so proud of you, and so is the Judge; but you are as indifferent as a statue. Indeed, one might easily mistake you for one, only you *do* breathe."

Mrs. Pearson was really grieved, and her tone betrayed the true state of her heart just then, as even her words did not. Hattie's arms around her neck, and the little musical laugh that was so good to hear, and that broke suddenly through the young girl's lips reassured her, however, and she kissed a dozen times, as a mother might, the shapely little head that lay upon her bosom, caressing its cheek with her soft white hand, that seemed fashioned for caresses, and smiling quite happily at last.

"You're just the best sister in the world," Hattie lovingly affirmed, "and you mustn't think I don't appreciate everything you do to make my life 'a thing of beauty and a joy forever,' because I do; and thank you —"

"I don't *want* any thanks, dear," interrupted the matron. "I only want you to be your old, blithe, happy self again. You used to be so different, dear. You used to be—*yourself*. And now, well, sometimes it's hard for even *me* to recognize in the cold, quiet, statuesque beauty that graces my home, the merry, little laughing maid of but a year ago. You remember how you cried, dear, when I went abroad? But you were happy, for all that weren't you?"

"Oh, yes; *so* happy!" sobbed the small voice from the laces at Mrs. Pearson's throat; "and I shall never be anything again but the wretchedest thing in all the world, that *ought* to be so glad and bright for me."

"It *is* glad and bright for you, darling. You are only shutting your heart and your eyes, and you must not," Mrs. Ralston said, seriously, and with just a tone of reproof.

"Chrissy! *how* can you say I shut my heart and my eyes? I don't. I never did. If they are shut at all, it was by *Fate*. But they're not shut. They never have been for a moment, and they see only —"

"Somebody whom they *must not see*," interrupted the sister with perceptible hauteur. Then rising.

"Shall I ring for Kate?" she asked. "It's time you were in her hands, and you must not spoil your eyes, ma belle."

"Wait a minute, Chrissy." She had risen, too, and all a-tremble, was reaching for her sister's hands. "Just a minute. You're all the mother I've ever known, and you won't break my heart. You can't. Think how happy you and Will are together how happy every man and woman ought to be that are bound by the sacredest of ties, and be *go edte me*. Have mercy upon me!"

"It is because I *am* good to you, dear, that I will not let you fling your chances of happiness to the wind. You speak of the Judge, and of how happy we are together. So we are; but we were of equal birth and equal station. You must remember that."

"Birth and station! What do I care for them? 'Honest work for to-day—honest hope for to-morrow."

She might have said much more, but Mrs. Pearson turned, half angrily, away, and gave the bell such a violent ring as brought the maid up quickly.

"Miss Raynor is ready," she said, icily. "You will find me in the drawing-room if you need anything."

* * * *

Lights and music; flowers and perfumes; silks and laces and jewels and laughter, and the dancing feet, and the dreaming hearts—everybody knows what a great ball is!

And the fair young girl of whom I write—seated in her own room after it was all over, the ball of that Christmas Eve that perished a year ago—leaned her cheek on her palm, and thought, and thought, and thought till the Christmas dawn was over the world, and children were shouting on the street.

Then she remembered that the night, or the morn, was fearfully cold, and that her pillows were untouched. She passed her two hands—slowly, and seeming still in a strange half dream—through her beautiful, unbound hair, shivering a little as she caught sight of the gorgeous robe in which she had queened it at the ball.

What a mockery it all seemed to her!

But it was over now—oh, *so much* was over now! She smiled feebly, thinking of what *might* come to her, now that she meant to take her destiny in her own hands—not out of God's; oh never out of His!—and go out to meet—what?

She could not know; but she could not bear that life any longer, and she would not try.

That was all.

And so it happened that when Mrs. Pearson sent to waken her at twelve o'clock that Christmas Day, the white-faced maid found only this:

"I could not live so, Chrissy; and if you ever want to, you will find me with Leonard Vaughn."

And the writing was Hattie's own.

* * * *

Leonard Vaughn, who was an artist, and his mother, who was a widow, were talking softly together of the girl whom one of them had loved so hopelessly, so long, and so truly, when the door of their plain sitting-room was opened suddenly by their maid-of-all-work, and Hattie Raynor stood on its threshold; but only for a moment. Then, with a cry that meant far more than any words, she was on her knees by the old mother's chair, and Leonard was beside her.

There was a deal of suppressed sobbing for a time, not a long time, though, then Leonard said:

"Does it mean that you will be my wife, Hattie?"

And that young lady managed somehow to answer:

"If—if you are sure you *want* me."

"But think, Miss Raynor," the wiser and more prudent woman said, "think of all you must resign; of all—"

"As if I hadn't been thinking for a whole wretched year!" the girl broke in. "Oh, Mrs. Vaughn, don't send me away! Don't let her, Leonard!"

"I'd like to see *any* one divide us *now*," the gentleman said, folding her in his arms, "now that I know you love me!" and something in his face made it really a hazardous venture.

Mrs. Vaughn suddenly remembering the Christmas dinner, and that it would give her excuse for absence and time for thought, glided softly from the room, and the lovers were not at all regretful on account of her absence. On the contrary, they seemed to take advantage of it as most lovers would, I suppose, and said a thousand silly things, or things that would have been called silly by uninterested listeners.

"You must be my wife this very day," Leonard said, between the kisses, "long and deep as the ecstacie night."

They were talking very earnestly of the life that lay so new and sweet along the one path where their feet would henceforth walk together, when Mrs Vaughn re-entered, and laying a hand upon each young head said, looking into Leonard's eyes:

"I have been thinking very hard since I left you, dear; have been praying, too, a little, and now I am going straight to Mrs. Judge Pearson—no, no, don't plead. It will do no good. I must do my *duty*, come what will of it."

All the color went out of Hattie's face, and from her lover's eyes there flashed, for a moment, a fire his mother never had faced before. His voice was quite calm, though, when he asked:

"What good can come of it, mother?"

"I don't know; but I can see, after a while."

She kissed the two young faces tenderly, as if both had lain on her heart in earliest babyhood, as if both alike were precious, then went quickly from the room and out upon the street.

What she said to the grand lady—what bitter words she may have heard in reply, what tears and pleadings, and reproaches passed between the two so far apart in station, and yet so near in all that makes life worth the living, only they and God will ever know.

But Mrs. Vaughn rode home in Mrs. Judge Pearson's carriage, and Hattie rode back in it; and the great world never knew of her Christmas escape.

"There must be no scandal, no room for gossip," Mrs. Pearson had decided. "Wait one year yet, you two foolish lovers, and if you don't come to your senses by that time, I shall give up all hope of your ever doing so, and—"

"Be content, and love us both?" Hattie cried, clinging to her sister's hand.

And that proud lady bent and kissed the pleading wet eyes that suddenly hid their splendor among the velvet and the furs over the breast that had been like a mother's to her almost all her life.

"A year isn't very long," Hattie whispered to her lover when they parted, "and we shall see each other often now—now that we are *engaged*."

Of course Leonard affirmed that a year was an eternity, and that he could not live without her all that weary while. But he managed to, "for a' that," and gained health and reputation in his art, that all at once seemed to blossom up from a soil of better inspiration, and yield the longed for fruit.

* * * *

Again it is Christmas Eve.

Again the bells are jubilant, and again the face of Hattie Raynor is at the window of Mrs. Pearson's boudoir. But no shadow is in its sweet, sweet eyes, and about its under lips a smile hovers as if its home were there.

There are snow flakes drifting, drifting down over the great, glad city; peace and good will seem every where; and after to-morrow, "if you want to, you will find" sweet Hattie in the home of Leonard Vaughn.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the prospectus of the SATURDAY EVENING POST. This paper was established 55 years ago, and improves with age. Under the management of the present proprietors the paper has acquired an unequaled reputation. —*People's Advocate and Press, New Bloomfield, Pa.*, Dec. 1, 1875.

THE GATHERING TOGETHER AND ONWARD MARCH OF A GREAT REPUBLIC.

BY A. H. WHARTON.

PART II.

A *third* attempt was made by the Spanish to colonize Florida, but this, also, proving unsuccessful, the idea was for the time abandoned, although Spain still claimed the shores of the Gulf of Mexico and the sea-coast from the southern extremity of Florida, as far north as Newfoundland.

The German Reformation was now shaking all Europe to its foundations, and nowhere was the war waged with more fierceness than in France, where men of distinction and influence, and nobles of the realm were opposed to each other in religious sentiment.

Jasper Coligny, the great and good admiral of France, had warmly embraced the new doctrines, and now sought for the Huguenots a home where they would be free to worship according to the dictates of their own consciences. Such a home the beautiful shores of the new world seemed to offer. Gaining permission from the king to found a colony in Florida Coligny fitted out a squadron and put it under the command of John Ribault, who sailed for America in 1562. The little company, after touching at St. Augustine, proceeded northward and landed at Port Royal, where they built a fort and erected a stone monument engraved with the lilies of France. This settlement was named Carolina, after Charles IX, but was not destined to become a permanent one, in consequence of dissensions among the colonists and failure on the part of France to send needed reinforcements. Reduced to the last extremity, those who survived returned to their native land.

In 1564, another effort to form a Huguenot colony in the new world was made by Coligny, who placed the settlers under the command of Landonnier. They reached America in July, and landed on the banks of the river May.

Many of those who comprised this second colony were adventurous and desperate characters, who were no sooner established on the shores of Carolina than they commenced a career of piracy against the Spaniards and injustice toward the natives.

These outlaws, however, met with just punishment, as the pirate vessel was captured, and those who escaped and returned to the fort were sentenced to death by Landonnier.

Want now pressed sorely the remnant of the French colony, who were seriously contemplating a return to their native land, when Ribault arrived with a fresh company of emigrants and plentiful supplies. Wailing and despondency were speedily turned into rejoicings. Ribault assumed supreme command, and all promised well for the establishment of a permanent Huguenot colony on the shores of the new world—the dream of Coligny!

Did he realize that the war of ideas was only shifted from one continent to the other, and that this land, a seeming Elysium, with its luxuriant vegetation and rich variety of flowers, fruits, and birds, was not exempted from the sorrows and bitter contentions that disturbed the mother country?

Spain had *never* relinquished her claim to the territory now settled by the French, and the ambitious and cruel Philip Second, who only awoke from the coldness and apathy habitual to him when schemes for the glory of his crown and church filled his mind, trembled with rage at the idea of a French colony on the shores which he claimed by right of discovery. Choosing Melendez, a warrior, daring, ferocious, unscrupulous, and bigoted, as his instrument, Philip made preparations for a new crusade, adjuring Melendez to extirpate heresy at all costs, and promising him the government of such lands as he should subjugate and colonise. This he was to do at his own expense.

Gathering around him a company of more than twenty-five hundred persons—ecclesiastics, married men, soldiers, sailors, and artizans, Melendez set sail for America.

His fleet was scattered by a tempest, and with but a third of his forces, he landed in Porto Rico.

Not waiting for the remainder of his company, Melendez impetuously set out toward Florida, and coming in sight of its shores on the day consecrated to the memory of St. Augustine, he named the harbor where he first anchored, after that saint.

Taking possession in the name of the King of Spain, Melendez proclaimed Philip Second, monarch of all North America. St. Augustine is, by more than forty years, the oldest town in the United States, being founded in 1565.

The Huguenots at Fort Carolina debated as to whether they should strengthen their fortifications and await the Spaniards or attack them on the sea. The latter course was decided upon, and most disastrous it proved to the French, as a storm arose and wrecked every vessel of their fleet upon the Florida coast.

The Spaniards suffered also, but sure of the safety of their troops at St. Augustine, and knowing that the French settlement was in a defenceless state, they set out, and by rapid marches reached the colony and made themselves masters of the fort. All were ruthlessly slain. Men, women, and children fell by the swords of the fierce and vindictive Spaniards. None trusted in the mercy or promises of Melendez, but to be duped and treacherously massacred.

Thus were old world scenes of war and bloodshed repeated in these primeval forests, and thus ended Coligny's second effort to establish a Protestant empire in America.

The court of France listened with apathy to the sad story of the massacre of Fort Carolina. Not so the Huguenots and the nation at large, who were powerless to revenge the wrongs of the colonists, although a bold, brave Gascon, Dominic de Gourgues in an expedition against the Spaniards in America, which rivals all the chivalric deeds of the middle ages, essayed this feat.

France took no notice of the enterprise, and relinquished all claim to Florida. Spain reached out her encircling arms toward it, and for two hundred and fifty years her flag was destined to wave over these fair regions.

We invite attention to the prospectus for 1876 of the Philadelphia SATURDAY EVENING POST, the oldest as well as one of the very best literary papers in the country. The POST has a brilliant array of writers, and is always interesting and valuable.—*Lakeside Register, Muskegan, Mich.*, Dec. 8, 1875.

ROUGH NOTES FROM THE STREET.

BY CHAS. B. CARLISLE.

The first hundred years! Just stop and think of that. Try to realize it. Why, we have almost to invent a faith, to grasp the length and breadth of that sentence—one hundred years. And today, the nation stands upon the threshold of this new era, not stooped and decrepid as a century of years make humanity, but erect, firm-footed, brave, full of mental and physical muscle, ready for another hundred years of long, swinging, rapid, and elastic strides towards a destiny we in vain try to fathom.

Measuring the progress of the next hundred years by the last, through which we have just passed, the destiny of the nation would be something grand to contemplate. But when we remember that, instead of a nation just released from the handcuffs and shackles of bondage, young and inexperienced, although full of vigor and hope, we see a nation surrounded with a piled-up Pelion of renown, starting out into a new era from the very summit of fame, how faintly can we realize the destiny.

Soan the vast chronological arrangement at the Centennial ground, and remember that all this has been the work of one hundred years, and it is just that much start in the new race of the still young Republic.

Then remember that the intelligence of the nation and this science in mechanism has been keeping pace, and that hand in hand, these two are entering upon the new era. That they will journey on together until the stars wait in bashful beauty at the gates of the morning of a second century. Take this to heart, and try to realize the destiny of this Republic. Stand beside the printing-press of one hundred years ago and read the pages of the journal of that day, and while you read, place beside it a literary or news paper of to-day, and fill the gap if you can.

True, the bridge of print is there, but while the one crouches low down and sways with a burden of obsequiousness, the other is high-arched, bowing clear above the water, guiding the public thought, and shaping it for braver, higher, nobler flights.

And the progress of this nation must be attributed to the grandest of all progress—the public press. Blot it out, and you take the muscle from the Republic.

What a motive for enthusiasm, then, should be in this grand progress of this nation, to the youth who are able to say, "It is mine. I am a part of it. I belong to it. I stand an equal chance with the richest or the poorest, to some day be its central figure." What can be a grander sight than a young man standing on the threshold of this new era, this life's best opportunities, ready to do his share in pushing this young Republic to the fulfilment of its sublime mission. If there ever was a time when young men had an incentive to be real, true men, it is now.

And the new year, the new century, comes to us with dove-eyed Peace, smiling Plenty, Health, with her rosy blush, laughing Pleasure, roguish Love, Hope, with elastic tread, and, following all, meek-eyed Content and Cheerfulness.

LIFE IN SPONGE.—Recent investigations have shown this curious fact about sponges: That no matter how long it may have been used kept dry, its life is apparently restored when it is wet. The sponge being wet with warm water and placed in a warm room, the extremities of the sponge after a little while appear to be alive and reach out like so many snakes—the longer they are the greater the motion. Nearly half of all the slender points seem to come to life, but after they become dry the motion ceases. All sorts of dust were put upon the sponge so that they should be under the same circumstances as the pores of the sponge, but nothing but the pores showed any motion. These moving parts, when caught with pliers, would pull out a portion of the sponge. When there is much water in the sponge they seem to be satisfied, but it is as the sponge is drying gradually that evidences of life are exhibited—this fact being discovered with an instrument which magnified only forty-two diameters.

OUR MERCHANT MARINE.—The carrying trade of the United States has been for a long time, to a great extent, in the hands of foreigners, and the reports of the past year are no exception to the rule. Foreign vessels have for several years carried about three-fourths of our foreign trade. Yet we have a large tonnage. The total American tonnage at the close of the fiscal year was 4,853,782 tons. During the year our tonnage increased 141,878 tons, this being the amount of new vessels built, less losses from wrecks, etc. The vessels built during the year aggregated 297,639 tons, but the financial depression was shown in ship-building as it has been in everything else, for this is but little over two-thirds the tonnage built the preceding year. The American merchant marine number altogether 32,285 vessels, of which 2,931 are registered for the foreign trade, and 3885, with 1,018,151 tonnage are steam vessels. More than two-thirds of our tonnage is employed in the coasting, lake and inland trade.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.—We call attention to this sterling old family journal, now in its 55th volume, and which increases in value as its years multiply. As a literary family weekly, we commend the POST, it having long been the favorite for the hearthstone in thousands of American families, and at an earlier time was the general favorite of cultured Virginian families. We publish its prospectus for the Centennial year of 1876, and its premiums to subscribers, which, together with its literary excellence, will no doubt secure for it many new names in this section.—*The Old Commonwealth, Harrisonburg, Va.*, Dec. 2, 1875.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This long established and universally known illustrated weekly paper has found its way into this community, and has gained a strong footing and a host of friends among the true lovers of good reading. It is one of the oldest papers in the country, and contains everything of interest and is up with the present day. The subscription price is $3.50, and a fine chromo is given with the paper—"De Soto's Discovery of the Mississippi"—which is fully worth the money.—*Weekly News, Tuskegee, Macon Co., Ala.*, Dec. 2, 1875.

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

Two hundred and seventeen varieties of Iowa apples are being prepared in wax and plaster for the National Centennial.

THE exhibition of the Massachusetts school system will be very elaborate. Four schools, respectively of a large city, a smaller city, a village, and a sparsely-settled rural hamlet, will each represent its own highest attainments under the old Commonwealth school system.

THE Crown Prince of Germany, after all, is likely to visit the Centennial Exhibition next year. If he should finally be prevented by unforeseen circumstances, he will send his eldest son, Prince Friedrich William, aged seventeen, accompanied by his tutor. American men-of-war having frequently visited German harbors, the Imperial Admiralty contemplate offering a similar courtesy to the American Republic by fitting out a squadron to proceed to this country during the Centennial season.

ALL the foreign nations are simply surpassing each other in the work of preparing for the Centennial. The British Commission has money enough and to spare. That of France is helped both from within and without. Little Belgium is busy through all its marvellous bee-hive of labor and of ingenuity. Germany, like others, has demanded twice its space. Austria, Spain, Sweden and Denmark, Turkey and Egypt, Tunis, little Luxembourg, great Prussia—in fact, every nation, far and near, is coming over not only to see, but to spend.

THE Department of Pennsylvania, Grand Army of the Republic, has appointed a Centennial Committee, composed of a representative from each Post in this city, for the purpose of furnishing quarters and looking after the interests of the Order during the Centennial Exhibition. It is proposed to have an encampment of at least twenty thousand old soldiers during part of June and July next year. Communications in reference to this matter can be addressed to the chairman of the committee, O. S. Boobyshell, U. S. Mint.

A CENTENNIAL building will be erected in Fairmount Park for the reception of Connecticut visitors and the commissioners. The building, of the Dutch colonial style of architecture, will be thirty feet front and forty feet deep, with a wing ten feet by twenty feet. Three sides of the reception-room will be ornamented with a gallery. Opening into it will be a ladies' toilet-room and a private room for the Connecticut commissioners. The inside woodwork will be chiefly white pine and smoke-stained wood. The lower part or the outside of the building will be constructed of scallop-fashioned shingles, and the upper part will be lathed and plastered. A massive stone chimney of ancient design will protrude from the roof. A porch in front and a piazza at the sides and rear of the building will be built.

THE United States Government building will present an attractive novelty in the frescoing of its walls. Upon a light brown ground-work of plaster are drawn perpendicular and horizontal blue lines, three-fourths of an inch wide, dividing the surface into spaces of one square foot each, every square being cut by red diagonals of the same width as the blue lines, into four equal parts. These spaces are being ornamented with painted emblems expressive of the nature of the various departmental exhibits—the bow, arrow and tomahawk in the Indian, a terrestrial globe and cog-wheel in the Patent Office, a carrier-pigeon in the Post Office, a stack of muskets in the Army, an anchor in the Navy, etc. The figures are executed with stencil and brush, and to relieve the eye, alternate use is made of a star-shaped cut.

THE Women's Centennial Executive Committee is industriously circulating through the country, for signatures, an earnest appeal to Congress to aid our great national enterprise. The petition asks for an appropriation for the completion of the work so well begun and now in need of money for its continuance. This is the appeal which the country makes, and which Congress, mindful of the national honor and of the importance of the project, ought to heed without hesitation. The Women's Committee also offers a suggestion which should commend itself to Congress. This looks to making the Exhibition free in case sufficient money can be raised to defray all expenses. Seeing that our World's Fair is not only to be a celebration, but a popular educator as well, it would be well if we could throw it open to every man, woman and child in America "without money and without price." The investment would pay; we should reap a hundred fold for all we might sow. So grand a result is worth striving for.

PERSONALITIES.

GENERAL GARIBALDI'S latest grandson has been named Roma.

JUDGMENT has been given against Prince Napoleon for the amount claimed for the keep of his war horse and other horses during the siege of Paris.

GENERAL MEREDITH, who died lately in Indiana, was six feet seven inches high, and President Lincoln used to say that the General was one of the few men he looked up to.

HERR BRANDT HILLMERS, French vice-consul at Cologne, has been recently decorated with the Legion of Honor—the first decoration conferred on a German by the French government since the war of 1870.

THE veteran artist, George Cruikshank, has just entered his eighty-fourth year. On his birthday he received from a friend the handsome sum of $25,000, in consideration of various sketches which he had lately executed.

THE Khedive of Egypt was educated in Paris, speaks French to perfection, is a capital talker on any kind of subject, and takes an especially keen interest in England and anything English. He is also just now about taking an interest in Abyssinia.

MR. DISRAELI has a worn carpet and plain wooden shelves in his library, and he eats sandwiches out of hand while strolling in the London suburbs. Victor Hugo has no carpet on his library floor. Thomas Carlyle smokes a clay pipe. George Eliot lives humbly. One would think they never heard of three button kids.

THOMAS CARLYLE reached his eightieth year on the 4th of December. Preparations are making by his friends to present him an address signed by eighty persons in England and Scotland, and a gold medal to accompany it has Carlyle's head on the obverse and the date and a few words on the reverse side. Copies of the medal in silver and bronze are to be presented to public repositories, and the subscribers, if they wish, are each to have one.

THE death, in Paris, of Eugene Schneider, the French statesman, recalls a funny incident of the Shah's visit to the French capital. When his Majesty had been duly installed in his apartments, his entertainers approached him with the inquiry: "Is there anybody in Paris whom your Majesty would be pleased to have presented?" "Yes!" roared the potentate: "Schneider, bring Schneider." Forthwith M. Schneider, who was then President of the Corps Legislatif, was called, and as he entered his Majesty's presence the Shah exclaimed: "Not that Schneider. The beautiful Schneider, I mean; Mademoiselle Schneider, La Grande Duchesse!"

THE Hon. Mrs. Norton, whose approaching marriage to Sir W. Stirling Maxwell is announced in the London *Athenæum*, is rather advanced in years for a bride. She is now sixty-seven years old. Her grandfather was the celebrated dramatist, orator and statesman, Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Her first marriage, to Hon George Chapple Norton, took place very nearly half a century ago, in 1827. She was a precocious rhymester, and a volume of her juvenile poems was published in 1820, when George IV had just begun to reign, and James Monroe was president of the United States. Her most widely-known poem, "Bingen on the Rhine," was the school-boy declamation of men now past middle age.

COL. RICHARD HENRY E. LEE, the grandson of Richard Henry Lee of Revolutionary fame, who has been selected to read the Declaration of Independence at the opening of the Centennial Exhibition, is a successful lawyer of Milwood, Clarke county, Va. He is a nephew of Charles Lee, who was Attorney General of the United States during a part of Washington's administration, and of "Light-Horse Harry Lee," and is a cousin of the late General Robert E. Lee. Colonel Lee entered the Confederate service as a lieutenant of infantry in the "Stonewall" brigade, and was wounded, after which he served as a Judge Advocate of the 2d Corps of the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, until the close of the war.

WE give, on the authority of Mr. F. R. Carpenter, a notable story of Henry Wilson that has never yet been published. The evening before his inauguration as vice-president he called on Mr. Sumner and said: "Sumner, can you lend me a hundred dollars? I have not got money enough to be inaugurated on." Mr. Sumner replied: "Certainly. If it had been a large sum, I might not have been able to help you; but I can always lend a friend a hundred dollars." He then gave Mr. Wilson a check for the amount, and after the latter had retired, Mr. Sumner, turning to Mr. Carpenter, remarked: "There is an incident worth remembering—such a one as could never have occurred in any country but our own."
—*New York Independent.*

GRIP'S CORNER.

CROAKINGS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE WOLF AND THE FOX.—Do you know, children, that it is never well to abuse or speak ill of your neighbor? In the first place it is wrong, simply from principle, and in the second place, if we break the rule of gold and speak sharply of others, we must expect them to treat us the same way, and that too, when we least expect it.

A long while ago, I heard a story of a wolf who went to the judge and accused a fox of having robbed him of a fresh fine chicken. The fox was summoned to answer the charge, and not only denied the offence, but turned around and accused the wolf of having stolen a chicken from him! Here was a pretty case, wasn't it? Well, just as the two were coming to blows, the judge interfered, and ordered them both to be fined, for he said the wolf's lips were yet bloody from the one chicken, while the fox had still some feathers from the other, sticking upon his coat. So you see it is never wise to speak ill of your neighbors, for you don't know when and how the tables may be turned against you, and although you may have been eating some rare beef, as perhaps the wolf had, some one who is to judge the matter may fancy it was chicken.

The best plan is always to tell the truth about others, as well as ourselves, and never to "tell tales" about any one. Then, if we always do right, no one will suspect us, and although we may wear a black coat, as Grip does, no one will question the whiteness of the character beneath. If then any one shall speak ill of us, all the world will know that it comes from a heart filled with malice, and is not called out as a retort by some wrong word of ours. Those of us who have read of the early ravens, know that we got our black coats from truth-telling, but I never yet met a raven who was sorry for the act. The fact is, we are all proud of it.

JOSEPH'S WIFE.—The fame of Joseph the son of Jacob, and the great minister and servant of Pharaoh, is not by any means confined to the present readers of the Bible. In Egypt he is still remembered, although they don't think so much of him as we do, while the Mahommedans have, or pretend to have, his full history.

It may not be out of place to give their story of his marriage. They say that one day, when he was in the full tide of power, he went out driving, and by the roadside an old woman stopped the horses of his chariot and begged for alms. As he looked at her, Joseph thought that he had never seen so very ugly a woman, and as he was rather plain spoken in those days, he told her so. The old woman told him that as his God answered all his prayers, he should pray that she might be made young again, promising him that then she would not be so ugly. Joseph at once lifted up his hands and voice, and prayed God to make her young and beautiful, and when he turned again to look at her, she was so young and so lovely, that he fell in love with her and married her. She long out-lived him, and died very old, becoming the only old woman in Heaven, because, according to the Moslem or Mohammedan belief, all women are made young in Heaven, but only once, and Joseph's wife had already been changed, so she must remain in Heaven forever as an old woman.

Such is the Moslem story, and there are several morals in it, which you can hunt up if you will, and while you are looking them out, let those who know the meaning of the words "usurer" and "usury," try to think how and where Joseph became the first usurer in history, and what were the consequences of his usury; and as I may as well tell you that we ravens don't like Joseph, see if you can tell the reason why?

HOW THE CABLE WAS LAID.—Every boy and girl in the country has heard of the great Atlantic Cable, and how, instead of waiting long weeks for news, we can hear of all that takes place in the old world almost at once. Some of you may remember the surrender of the Emperor Napoleon at Sedan, and how the news boys in our great cities here were calling out the "extras" as soon as the sluggish Englishmen were reading it on the bulletin board of London. Well, all this quickness of despatch is owing to the result of Cyrus W. Field, an American, who persevered and persevered until he secured the laying of the first cable. And what do you think helped him to win the support necessary for his great undertaking? A little microscope.

Among the many objections which the scientific men of England, who thought they knew everything, raised against this grand idea was this. They said that even if the cable could be successfully laid on the bottom of the ocean, the great weight of the waters above would soon crush it, gutta-percha, wire and all. How very ridiculous such an idea sounds now! Why, even the ravens would laugh at it, while the children—well, the boy or girl who would stand up and say so, would be turned out of school. Yet these long-headed and white-bearded men in England, not only thought so and said so, but they wrote long pieces about the "presumptuous Yankee," as they called Cyrus, to the papers, and told the government and the people that all the money spent in trying to put down such a cable, would be "at the bottom of the sea," and so it was, but not as the wise men meant it. They meant that it would be lost, but I think some of them took stock in the company afterwards.

Well, at last the vessels were sent out to take soundings and see how deep the sea was. In some cases the lines were lowered a couple of miles before the bottom was touched, and in some of these very cases what do you suppose they found when the line came up? At the end of these lines they had fastened a quill to secure if possible some of the deposit on the bed of the sea, and when the quills came up they were found to be filled with a soft, fine stuff which was supposed to be a kind of mud, but when this same mud was put under the microscope, it was found to be composed of tiny and yet beautiful shells, in each one of which, at some day or other, some little sea animal had had its home. When this was found out, some shrewd friend of the cable said that if these shells had laid so long at the bottom and had not been crushed into nothingness, the cable could certainly sustain all the weight of the waters above it, and so the objections were overcome, and the cable was laid with the result you all know so well.

ADVICE GRATIS.

"How do you build your nest, sir?" asked the crow of the rook. "I am going to build a new one, and should like to improve on the last."

"Much as you do," replied the rook, "only I think you don't make yours quite deep enough."

"Thank you sir," said the crow.

"How do you build your nest, sir?" asked the crow of the raven.

"In your fashion, but larger; yours was too small. Make the nest at least two sizes larger."

"Thank you, sir," said the crow.

"Mag, how do you build your nest?" he asked of the magpie.

"Oh, any how," said Mag. "I just pack the sticks all together, much as you do, only I make a cover. You should make a cover."

"Yes, Mag, I should," said the crow.

"How do you build your nest, Jack?" the crow asked of the jackdaw.

"Oh, I use sticks, as you do, but I like a nice soft lining, and I choose a snug chink to build in. Take my advice, friend, if you want to be quiet and safe from weasels and other enemies, settle in the old tower, or in yonder stone quarry."

"Thank you, Jack, I certainly will," said the crow.

So the rook and the raven and the magpie and the jackdaw all gave the crow credit for being humble minded, and willing to learn, and felt much interest in her work, and went in a body to see the new nest, each expecting to find improvement after his own suggestion; but lo! they found it to be in size, in form, in lining and in position, precisely like the old one.

"Ah!" cried the raven, "I am not surprised; I never knew advice valued that cost nothing!"

A DEAD HAWK AND A LIVING ONE.

"What a commotion you are making!" said a sparrow to a flock of small birds chattering and twittering round the body of a hawk that was lying stiff and cold on the ground.

"He's dead! he's dead!" they cried; "we are safe from him now; he will never frighten us again."

"Frighten us!" said the sparrow, hopping up to the dead enemy and giving him a contemptuous little peck; "speak for yourselves, my friends; as for me, I never saw so much to be frightened about in the fellow. After all, you may see he is nothing but a bird; he has wings, and a head, and legs and claws, and so have we. A close view shows one the absurdity of needless alarm; for my part, I intend in future to show to the whole tribe—— Why, where are you all going?" he exclaimed, stopping in his harangue, as the small birds suddenly took wing.

"Off as fast as we can," they cried; "the hawk's mate is hovering above us, and as we have not received your new light, we prefer getting out of her way. You can stay and tell her your mind."

"The hawk's mate! You don't say so!" screamed the sparrow. "Here; let me pass, pray!"

And he brushed through the throng, and never rested till he had gained his hiding-place!

CONTENT TO SHINE BY A REFLECTED LIGHT.

"What a lazy fellow you are, Tom," said the rat-trap to the old cat, who lay dozing before the fire. "Here am I at work, day after day, and night after night, and I've caught rats without end. The cook says that now I've cleared the granary, she must have me in the larder, for the mice take no more notice of you than if you were stuffed, like Toby, and they know it. Really, I should be ashamed of such a character."

Tom got on his legs, arched his back very high, stuck out his tail, and gave a tremendous yawn.

"What are you talking about?" he asked at last.

The rat-trap began his oration over again.

"Shut up," said Tom; "it's quite offensive to hear the fuss people make about their own doings. *You* talk of character, indeed! Why for one rat you catch, my poor mother would have caught a score! Poor mother! she was something to be proud of; the very smell of her cleared a house of mice; I only wish I were like her; but then it's a comfort to think of the honor of belonging to her."

So saying, he went under the dresser, out of the way of the trap, and curled himself up for another doze.

TURNING ROUND SHE SAW HARRIET LEANING FORWARD, HER FACE COVERED WITH HER HANDS, AND HER FRAME TREMBLING CONVULSIVELY.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

BRATO.

Oh, hushed as the zephyr that gently reposeth,
And breathlessly sinks on night's bosom to sleep,
And calm as the crocus its bright petals closeth,
When silence and moonlight are spread o'er the deep.

So hushed be the sigh from the heart softly stealing,
That lingeringly turns to the dreams of the past;
So calm be the visions of prescience revealing
That change dimly pictured is coming at last.

Like a phase of our lives the Old Year passes o'er us—
What hopes on its wings as 'tis wafted away!
Like a fire-flashing meteor that trembled before us,
It flees, and we see but the gray dawn of day.

Oh, New Year, we pray thee, bring balm to the fever
Of yearnings thy forerunner taught us to feel,
Submission and faith to the soul-born believer.
With the grace from above alone potent to heal.

Some hearts there may be whose old bonds of affection
Are loosed as thou comest, and love us no more;
Let not their unkindness cause gloom or dejection,
Or teach us the true and the tried to ignore.

It may be that fortune, and fame and advancement,
When nearest we thought them eluded our grasp;
That the honor we sought proved a subtle entrancement,
Too frail to be reached by our famishing grasp,

Or that which we had may have dwindled and faded—
From plenty's fair haven to poverty hurled;
Or our brows with laments for the dead have been shaded,
And we left to battle alone with the world.

Still hushed as the zephyr at eventide sleeping,
And calm as the flow'ret that closes at night,
Oh, spirit of mercy, at peace in thy keeping
We'll journey again with the year's rising light.

For friends may be faithless and hopes may be blighted,
And chill death may sever the hearts that were true,
But we go to the land where true hearts are united,
Its haven our beacon forever in view.

ONE LIFE'S MYSTERY!

BY

H. REBAK,

Author of "Bound by a Spell," "Humphrey Grant's Will," "Doomed," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL AT THE HALL.

The inhabitants of Marney Hall were busy preparing for the approaching marriage, which, in accordance with Sir William's desire, was to be celebrated in the neighboring village church, after which it was arranged that the bride and bridegroom should depart on their wedding-trip, which was to be limited to three weeks. At the end of that time they would return to the Hall and remain there as guests until the latter part of September, when James promised that his London residence should be ready.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland were still at Marney, and were to stay until after the wedding. Of course Mrs. Cleveland was now in her element. Sir William had presented her with a handsome sum of money to purchase Harriet's trousseau, and this provided her with ample employment up to the time of the event. There was scarcely a day that she did not find occasion to drive into Windsor to consult with dressmakers, milliners, and all other dealers in female gear, much to the relief of the entire household, which she kept in a continual turmoil by her never-ceasing talk and inexhaustible restlessness.

One day she went to London, accompanied by her daughter, to order certain things which she could not procure to her satisfaction in Windsor, and took the opportunity to make a call in Russell Square. They were expected, and both James and his father were at home to receive them. After partaking of luncheon, the former accompanied the ladies in their shopping expeditions, and purchased some very splendid presents for his bride. This done, he drove with them to the railway station, and saw them off.

"Well, I must say that James has behaved very well—very handsomely indeed," said Mrs. Cleveland, as they were whirling along the iron road homewards. "That diamond and ruby bracelet is really splendid. And what do you think of Russell Square? Very dull and very old-fashioned, is it not, with an atmosphere of trade about it? I dare say it is very well for Mr. Armstrong, but it would not do for you, my darling. Your establishment must be in a very different style. I expect I shall have to see to it," she added, with a sigh.

Harriet did not believe for a moment that Mrs. Cleveland would have to endure this fresh tax upon her maternal energies, but she kept her opinion to herself.

"What could you do without me, my dear?" asked the mother, with the air of a martyr. "All I hope is that my strength will last until it is all over. I shudder to think of the consequences should I be taken ill, and I begin to feel thoroughly worn out already."

"You really must not exert yourself so much, mamma," Harriet said, soothingly.

"I think it is quite time James should have selected his mansion," said Mrs. Cleveland, flying off to another subject. "He seems to be very supine, and, I may say, indifferent, about it. I shall have to take it into my own hands. I would not have you live under the same roof with Mr. Armstrong for the world. I think I really like him less this time than before."

That was a sentiment which found an echo in Harriet's breast. His manner on that day had inspired her with an invincible repulsion towards him. He had been polite—superciliously so; but her penetration saw beneath the flimsy veil, a sneering, malicious spirit, more especially towards her mother, that struck her with disagreeable ill bodings. She kept these thoughts to herself, however, and made no reply.

"Good gracious, child!" exclaimed Mrs. Cleveland, irritably; "what is the matter? There is no getting a word from you, and you look as dull and miserable as though you were going to a funeral, instead of preparing for your wedding."

"I am tired, mamma."

"If you are tired, what must I be?" exclaimed her mother, in her martyr voice. "It is not now I am specially speaking of, but ever since I have been at Marney. One would imagine that you were being forced into a marriage against your inclination, instead of its being what may be termed a love-match."

Mrs. Cleveland did not remark the quiver and almost scornful curl of her daughter's lip at the word "love." "A temporary depression of spirits, mamma, nothing more," she answered; "it will soon pass off."

And here the conversation ended. Settling herself comfortably in her corner of the carriage, Mrs. Cleveland fell into a doze; while, wrapt in her own gloomy thoughts, Harriet gazed upon the passing landscape, as it grew each instant more dim in the rapidly fading light.

Whether the gloom of the bride affected those about her, or whether it arose from some other cause, it is impossible to say; but it is a fact that, with the exception of Mrs. Cleveland, no one at the Hall seemed animated by any of that cheerfulness and excitement which an approaching marriage usually produces upon a household.

On the 21st of June—*the* day was to be the 24th—a very unexpected addition to the party arrived at the Hall. It was Andrew Marney.

The first person he met upon entering the house was Miss Cleveland. "I have come, my dear cousin, to be present at your marriage," he said, warmly pressing her hand. "I thought both yourself and James would think it strange if I absented myself."

She was greatly astonished at his unexpected appearance, but yet more so at the sad change which had taken place in his looks since she had last met him. His once strong built, although always slim figure, was reduced almost to a skeleton, upon which the clothes hung loosely, as though they did not belong to him. The rounded cheeks, once flushed with health, were gaunt and hollow, and his whole contour bespoke suffering of a painful kind.

His uncle was yet more astonished and dismayed by his appearance. Upon his name being announced by the servant, he prepared to receive him with the most marked coldness; but that face and figure, upon which dissolution seemed to have already set its seal, instantly melted his heart, and the first words pronounced by his nephew dispelled every feeling of anger from his breast.

"Dear Uncle," he said, "I have come to ask your forgiveness for my ungrateful conduct the last time I was here, and to promise to be wholly guided by your advice for the future."

"Say no more, my dear Andrew—say no more!" exclaimed Sir William, wringing his hand with a heartiness that made the bones crack. "Let bygones be bygones, never even to be thought of again."

He turned away his head and furtively wiped away the tears that had gathered in his eyes.

"But, my dear boy, what is the matter with you?—you look like a ghost!"

"I have had a very heavy blow," answered Andrew, in a low voice, that trembled as he proceeded; "I have been cruelly deceived, by one in whom I believed with all my soul. I have fought hard to keep up against it, and in good time, with the help of heaven, I shall conquer. I have come to ask your hospitality for a long stay at Marney Hall."

An expression of deep compassion came over the worthy Baronet's countenance, as, without making any direct reply, he again warmly pressed his nephew's hand. "I am thankful the discovery came when it did, before it was too late," he said in a tone of deep feeling.

Changing the subject, however, he said: "You will be just in time to be present at Harriet's marriage."

"Yes, James wrote me word that it would take place on the 24th, and invited me down. I did not think, then, I should have come."

There was a momentary pause, which was broken by Sir William.

"By the bye, that is a subject upon which I wish to speak to you," he said, in his usual abrupt manner. "You have known James Armstrong some time now, and have had ample opportunities of observing his character. Give me your candid opinion of him."

"My opinion of him!" exclaimed Andrew, in much astonishment. "I thought I had sufficiently expressed that long ago."

"I don't remember ever hearing you give any opinion at all upon the subject," answered Sir William, drily. "I know that you have always held him high in your esteem, and, indeed, I may say, regarded him in the light of a model worthy of imitation. You consider him, then, to be an honorable, upright man, and one likely, under every circumstance, to act as a gentleman?"

"Most certainly."

"And the father—what of him?"

Andrew's countenance fell. "Well, really sir," he answered, with hesitation, "I have had very little opportunity of observing Mr. Armstrong."

"You do not believe that he would infallibly act as a gentleman under any circumstances?" asked Sir William, with a touch of sarcasm.

"Perhaps not, sir," replied Andrew, doubtfully.

"If you had a sister, would you be willing to give her to James Armstrong?"

"I would, sir."

"And I would not!" replied Sir William, emphatically. "You have promised to be guided by my advice for the future? The first piece I give you is, do not for the future confide too deeply in James Armstrong. Not another word. I shall make no explanations for the present. Go and dress for dinner. You have only just time."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LOST MINIATURE.

It was the night before the wedding-day. All the inhabitants of the Hall had retired to rest. The two sisters were alone together in their chamber for the last time.

Sophie was not more elated than several others at the prospect of her sister's marriage. She also had her doubts and misgivings; she had never been favorably impressed with James Armstrong. His cold, hard nature had naturally repelled her warm and impulsive temperament; but, perceiving that Harriet regarded him in quite a different light, she prudently suppressed all indications of her own feelings, and tried hard to dismiss her prejudices; but now, when only a few hours intervened between the final event, her spirits sank beyond her control, and her mind was filled with evil presentiments.

During the whole day Harriet had been more than usually silent and gloomy—for during the last three or four weeks that had been her normal condition—and she had retired to her room early that night, in order to escape the unceasing talk of her garrulous mother, and Sophie had gladly followed her example.

Upon entering the chamber, Harriet had divested herself of her evening dress, undone her hair, put on her dressing-robe, and thrown herself into an easy chair. Leaning her cheek upon her hand, she presently fell into deep study. At a little distance sat Sophie, watching her with an expression of tenderest interest.

"This is the last night we shall be together, Harriet, dear!" she said, presently.

"Yes," answered her sister, absently.

"How miserably unhappy you look, dear!" continued Sophie, kneeling down at her feet, and taking her hand. "Are you indeed wretched?—have you any misgiving in regard to your future? I fear you have."

"And why should you think so?" Harriet asked, petulantly snatching away her hand. "Why should Sir William think so? You both look upon me as mournfully as though I were some poor victim about to be sacrificed!"

Sophie drew back, greatly hurt at this sudden outburst of temper, but replied: "If people have such ideas, they are inspired by your own melancholy looks, Harriet, which could never be reflected from a happy and contented mind. Why should you be angry, when you know that what I speak is only prompted by my love for you?"

"Forgive me, dear, my irritability!" said Harriet, drawing her sister to her and kissing her forehead. "Perhaps my looks are a little melancholy. I know not why they should be; I ought to be the happiest of happy brides this night. About to wed the man of my choice, with the approval of my friends; decked in diamonds, adorned with the costliest of toilettes; wealth, luxury before me—oh! how happy I ought to be! And I am! I am!"

She spoke with feverish excitement—with a half hysterical laugh; and rising from her seat; walked rapidly up and down the chamber.

This sudden change of manner struck Sophie with a deeper chill than even her sister's previous gloom.

"This is not the way that happy people talk," she said, sadly.

Harriet threw herself into her chair again, and relapsed into silence, while, with a deep sigh, Sophie turned to her toilette-table and began to prepare for bed.

By-and-by she thought she heard a sob, and, upon turning round, saw Harriet leaning forward, her face covered with her hands, and her frame trembling convulsively. In an instant she was on her knees beside her.

"My darling, what is the matter? why are you sobbing?" she cried. "Speak to me; trust in me. What have I done that you should withdraw your confidence? Am I not your sister? To whom should you turn for consolation if not to me?"

At this appeal, Harriet's strength of mind fairly gave way, and throwing herself into Sophie's arms, she wept aloud. Sophie pressed her affectionately to her bosom, but spoke not, knowing that these tears would bring relief to the overcharged heart.

"Why have you let this marriage go on, if you had any doubt of your future happiness? I am certain Sir William would have been the last person to have desired it," said Sophie, as the sobs grew weaker.

"And do you suppose that I would have compromised my name, by allowing the engagement to be broken off for a few morbid fancies?" she answered, firmly. "What would the world have said? Would it have given *me* credit for being the seceding party? Would it have believed that a penniless girl, dependent upon an uncle's bounty, would dare to capriciously reject a rich husband? Would you have me the subject of half-pitying, half-scornful tea-table gossip? Not though I were certain to-morrow's work would seal my life-long misery!"

At that moment there broke upon the silence of the night a long, low, dismal howl. Both the ladies started, and Harriet's face turned a shade paler.

"What is that?" she asked.

"It is only Grip, the house dog," replied Sophie, trying to assume an indifference she did not feel.

"One might almost imagine, if one were inclined to be superstitious, that it was an answer to my words," said Harriet, mockingly.

"Do not speak like that, dear," said Sophie, shuddering. "But, come, let us go to bed, or you will have no roses in your cheeks in the morning."

And so they retired to rest.

But little sleep visited them. The dog at short intervals continued to howl throughout the night.

The morning broke clear and brilliant. No more glorious day ever shone upon an English landscape than upon that 24th of June.

James Armstrong and his father had slept at Windsor on the previous night, and arrived at the Hall by ten o'clock. At the same time the guests began to arrive rapidly.

"If the old adage, 'Happy is the bride that the sun shines on,' be true, you ought to be happy indeed," said Sir William to his niece, with a grave smile.

"It is, indeed, a lovely morning," she answered.

"May the omen be verified!" he replied, in a tone of deep feeling. "That is my most earnest wish and prayer."

All was now ready; the carriages were at the door, and Harriet, leaning upon Sir William's arm, descended the stairs.

But we have no intention of inflicting upon the reader a description of the wedding, which in no way differed from the ordinary run of such events. We will, therefore, suppose the ceremony to be over, and the bridal party to have returned to the Hall.

The breakfast was served, and all was ready for the departure of the bride and bridegroom. As the latter rose from his chair, he observed his father making signs to him. Watching his opportunity, he followed him into the deep embrasure of one of the windows, where the half-drawn curtains concealed them from the assembled guests. Mr. Armstrong was trembling with excitement.

"See here, what a discovery I have made!" he said, in a hurried whisper, showing an oval-shaped miniature enclosed in a thin gold case.

James took it in his hand, but the instant his eyes fell upon the portrait, which was that of a young and very beautiful woman, he uttered a suppressed exclamation of surprise, and the color rushed into his face.

"Who—who is this?" he asked, eagerly.

"It is *her* portrait!" answered his father. "But what is the matter with you? How startled you look!"

"How did this get into your hands?" inquired James, abruptly, and not heeding the question which had been put to him.

"*He* dropped it as he got out of his carriage; no one saw it but me. Do you see the broken ribbon? He has been carrying about him—— But what is the matter? You look panic-stricken!"

"Nothing, nothing!" answered James, irritably. "I cannot tell you now—another time."

At that moment certain words that fell upon their ears interrupted the conversation. Mr. Armstrong snatched the miniature from his son's hand, and thrust it into his pocket, and the two gentlemen emerged from their concealment.

The first thing they saw was Sir William moving excitedly among the guests, as though questioning them.

"Have you happened, gentlemen, to

see anything of a miniature in a gold case? Sir William has dropped it somewhere," said a servant, stopping before them as they came from the embrasure.

Both replied in the negative. The man passed on, and they exchanged glances.

"Let all the road between this and the church be searched!" cried Sir William, who was as pale as death. "I am certain I had it upon me when I left here."

"Is it of any great value?" inquired Andrew, who was standing next his uncle.

"To me of inestimable value," replied Sir William hastily.

As he turned he caught the expression of Mr. Armstrong's face, which was intently watching him. With one stride he stood before that gentleman.

"Have you seen a miniature in a gold case, Mr. Armstrong?" he asked, with marked emphasis, fixing his eyes upon the evil countenance of the man before him.

"Who?—I, Sir William?" he stammered.

The question was so sudden and unexpected, and the look which accompanied it so searching, that he was thrown completely off his guard.

"The footman has just asked us the question," replied James, coming to the rescue.

Sir William said no more, but turned away.

"You have roused his suspicions," said James, in a low, angry voice. "Unless you exert more command over your looks, manner and words, you will ruin all my plans by creating in him a hostile and mistrustful feeling."

"Fear not," answered Mr. Armstrong. "The next time I set foot in Marney Hall, the proprietor will have reason to remember it!"

The necessity of attending to his bride, who now entered the room equipped for the journey, and who had heard nothing of the loss of the miniature, broke off the conversation. The father and son met once again, just as the latter was on the point of stepping into the carriage, which was to convey them to the Windsor Railway Station.

"Good-bye, James, and a happy honeymoon," cried Armstrong, shaking his hand.

"Hark ye, father," said the son, lowering his voice to a whisper. "Something has come to my knowledge within the last hour, which, if I had known yesterday, perhaps there might have been no wedding to-day."

The carriage drove away, leaving Mr. Armstrong staring after it in profound amazement.

CHAPTER XIX.

A DECLARATION.

Three months have passed since the marriage day; it is now September. Everything at Marney looks much as when we saw it last; the summer still lingers, the air is soft and genial, and the foliage of the trees, though perhaps a little deeper, is still as green, as free from the golden hues of autumn, as though it were still June.

The bride and bridegroom have long since returned from their wedding trip, and are residing at present at the Hall. Sophie and Andrew are also still there.

It is Sunday; the inhabitants of the Hall have just returned from church. As Andrew assists Sophie to alight from the carriage, he asks her to take a stroll with him in the grounds, as he wished to speak to her for a few moments alone.

They walked slowly across the green sward until they reached the long winding alley, bounded by the high, thick, and tall trees, where James Armstrong, as the reader may remember, made his strange declaration of love to Harriet Cleveland.

After proceeding some distance, he said:

"I have asked you, Sophie, to grant me a few moments' conversation in private, as I wished to speak to you upon a subject that may, I hope, momentously concern the future happiness of both."

Here he paused, and a glow suffused the young girl's face and neck; she suspected the revelation that was coming.

"Sophie," he said, taking her hand, "I ask you to be my wife."

He felt her hand tremble in his grasp; her head was averted, and he could not see the expression of her countenance.

"Before you answer me," he continued, still holding the little palpitating but unresisting hand in his own, and speaking in a tone of deep earnestness, "listen to what I have to say—to a confession I have to make, as I would not for the world deceive you in any way. About two years ago, I met one whom I loved with passion I shall never feel again."

The hand struggled to be free, but he held it firmly clasped, and went on: "It was a delirium, a madness, that deprived me of all power of reason, rendered me blind to the plainest and clearest object, deaf to the voice of my friends, and the very remembrance of which now appals me. I cannot enter into a history of those events; at some future period, perhaps, when time has softened those dread memories, I may summon up resolution to repeat the story, but I cannot now. It is all over; she whom I loved wedded another!"

His voice trembled a little as he spoke, but the hand, which had never ceased struggling, suddenly became passive again.

"She was unworthy of the love I lavished upon her, and from the time I discovered that I began to wrestle with my passion. As soon as the shock had passed away, I came to make my peace with Sir William. Sophie, you and I have been acquainted from childhood; yet it seems to me that I could never have known you until now, for your beauty and sweetness of disposition have sunk deeper into my heart!"

It was with many mingled feelings that Sophie listened to this declaration. Her woman's pride was a little wounded at the thought that, after all, he had only offered her his love after it had been rejected by another; then came a soft feeling of pity for his sufferings, and a gentle wish to be his consoler, and by her affection to wipe away their sad memory; and, strongest of all, was the secret love that had existed, unsuspected by him, in her gentle heart.

In his declaration Andrew had, out of delicacy, omitted to mention one important fact—that it was Sir William who had first turned his thoughts towards his cousin; and that although now deeply impressed, as he had said, by her beauty and sweetness, it was his desire to obey his uncle's wishes which had hastened on this scene, that might otherwise have been postponed sometime longer.

"You have not answered me, darling," he said, after a pause, and drawing her unresisting form closer to him. "May I take silence for consent?"

She turned her hitherto averted face upon him, blushing and confused, and a low, inaudible sound, which he chose to translate into "Yes," broke from her lips. Then her head fell upon his shoulder.

"Bless you, my darling," he murmured, straining her to his heart. "The study of my life shall be to make you happy."

But even while he spoke there fell a chill upon his heart; he felt as though he had never irrevocably broken with the past until now—as though the gulf which separated him from Bertha had only just become impassable.

We will intrude no further upon the lovers' confidence, but at once conduct the reader back to the house, and into Sir William's library, where, having just left Sophie, Andrew has sought his uncle's presence.

"I have made my cousin an offer, and she has accepted me," he said.

"My dear boy, I congratulate you!" answered Sir William, warmly shaking his hand. "I don't think any of the parties concerned will regret this day's work. I wish I could say as much for another day's work that I have had an important hand in.

"A very strange thing happened which has been puzzling me. The first time I met Mr. Armstrong he recalled to me the most painful memory of my whole existence; whether it was accident or purpose I cannot decide. On Harriet's wedding day I lost a miniature; it was the portrait of one long since dead—it was connected with that same memory. It has since been found. That miniature was, I believe, picked up by Mr. Armstrong; if so, his words were not accidental, and he is an enemy."

"Have you ever met him before? Is the name in any way familiar to you?" asked Andrew, who had listened with great interest to his uncle's words.

"I answer no to both questions. Neither can I understand how he could be in any way connected with—unless——" He stopped abruptly, as though struck by a sudden thought. "Ah! if it should be so!" he muttered to himself.

He fell into a fit of meditation, which lasted several minutes, during which he seemed to be unconscious of his nephew's presence. At length he caught sight of Andrew silently and curiously watching him.

"Leave me now, Andrew," he said, hastily. "I must quietly think the matter over. I almost believe that I have found a clue to the mystery. I hope that it may not be so—I pray that it may not be so!" he added, dejectedly.

Without a word, but greatly wondering, Andrew quitted the room, and left his uncle to his meditations.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AGRICULTURAL.

MANY kinds of hardy flowers should be sown in the fall, not covered but left on the surface of the ground, to get an early start next spring.

TO test the soundness of a piece of timber, place the ear at one end while a person taps on the other. If the stick is sound the noise will be heard distinctly, but any decayed place will interrupt it almost entirely.

THE *Ohio Farmer* says: "Corn-fed hens do not lay in winter for the simple reason there isn't any albumen material in the corn. When wheat is fed, there is fat enough in it to supply all that is needed for the yolk, and gluten enough to make the white, and lime enough to furnish the shell; it does not it us seem difficult to understand why corn-fed hens should not lay, as they do not, and why wheat-fed hens should lay, as they do."

DURING the twenty years ending with 1840 the exports of wheat and flour from this country averaged in value about $5,500,000 a year; the average exports doubled during the next ten years, and during the ten years ending with 1860 they rose to an average of $25,000,000. Even during the war decade the increase continued. In 1871 the shipments rose to $69,206,000, and last year to $130,000,000. These statistics show a remarkable growth.

AMERICAN PASSION FOR FLOWERS.—It is stated that more bouquets (not buttonhole) are made up in a single month in the city of New York than in the course of a whole year in the city of London. This is, perhaps, a trifling exaggeration, but Mr. Dickens said very much the same thing in writing of his American experience several years ago, so that it is evident that our love for flowers is sufficiently conspicuous to attract the attention of foreigners.

THE PROPER TIME FOR CUTTING TREES.—An extensive inquiry has been made in Prussia into the effect upon the durability of woods of the season at which the trees are cut down. In general, the wood felled when the sap is not running has a decided pre-eminence as to its durability, strength, and density. The heat given out in burning wood felled in December and January is also, according to these experiments, greater than for woods cut in February and March.

THOSE of our readers who are not blessed with the luxury of a green-house are forced to resort to an infinity of ways to protect their geraniums, fuchsias, verbenas, etc., over winter, without using the sitting-room window, a locality reserved for a few choice flowering plants. To such we would suggest a sunken pit, and on account of so many reported failures in this way, we say that most of the occupants are destroyed by an excess of dampness. We sincerely declare that moisture kills more tender plants than ever frost does in such structures. Select a well-drained spot in a warm, sunny, sheltered location, dig the pit deep, line with rough boards fastened to stout posts, cover the floor with a good depth of coal-ashes, water but seldom, give air on mild days, cover well with old carpets and boards in severe weather, bank up with manure, and your plants will keep well.

A CORRESPONDENT gives his experience with the free use of charcoal in restoring vigor and usefulness to old grapevines. His method was simple but efficient, and shows conclusively the excellent result of charcoal in connection with stimulating manures. The soil was carefully removed from the border without disturbing the roots, the latter being preserved continually moist during their exposure to the air by constant syringing. The smaller roots were pruned off, but the larger ones were simply notched at two feet intervals. Each of the roots were then enveloped in charcoal two inches thick, then covered with four inches of soil and six inches of manure, and the work was done. The operation was performed in early autumn before the vines had shed their foliage. Immediately after the house was kept closed, and the vines frequently syringed to promote the formation of new roots. The next season the change in the crop of fruit was magical, as never before in the 30 years that the vines had been growing had they grown so well; neither has they produced such a fine crop of grapes for 10 years at least.

WINTERING GERANIUMS.—The practice of hanging up geranium plants by the roots sometimes succeeds, but there are very few cellars that have the right degree of dampness. It will usually result in failure. The best way to keep the roots sound and fresh, is the following: Take up the plants, shake off the earth from the roots, trim off the longer ones, and head back the tops freely, and then place as many of these trimmed plants in a box or small tub, as can be crowded in without much pressure, in the same position as they would stand planted in pots. Then pour in among the roots as much dry, clean sand as will compactly fill all the interstices, occasionally shaking to settle the sand, till the tub is nearly full. Place them in a cellar where they can receive as much light as may be, and keep the sand slightly moist by occasional watering. In very damp cellars no watering will be required. Nail-kegs, with a third of the tops sawed off, make convenient tubs for this purpose, costing nothing. The plants will require a little occasional attention during winter, to see if all is right, and that they are not suffering from any cause, which a little experience on the part of the attendant will point out.

—*Country Gentleman.*

HIS SECOND INHERITANCE!

By FREDERICK TALBOT.

Author of the "Winning Hazard," "Tottie's Fortune," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

NOT WITHOUT CONSOLATION.

When he left Petworth's office a ruined man, young Westley Wilford desired nothing but to shrink altogether from the light of day, and bury himself and his troubles out of sight.

It was not a long walk from Westminster to Bodley terrace, and Westley reached the door of number eight before its mistress had returned. The maid admitted him, however, and showed him into the drawing-room, and presently Mrs. Brown came back and hastened to assure him that she would be very glad to receive him as an inmate, and would spare no pains to make him comfortable.

There was a tender kind of interest in her voice, and she was evidently disposed to be communicative and sympathetic; but Westley objected strongly to unburden himself to a gushing landlady, and, getting rid of her as quickly as he could, disposed himself in an easy-chair by the fire, for a spell of brooding and reflection.

The more he thought, the more hopeless was the complexion his affairs assumed. The only resource he could build upon was a kind of claim to the good offices of Petworth, just as a ruined gambler may sometimes obtain a charitable dole from the hell where all his money has been sunk. And then he went on to think of Audrey—that fair young girl that seemed all that man could desire in a wife—warm, yet prudent; loving, and more thoughtful for her lover than for herself. She was lost to him altogether. Her future was dependent on her uncle, and it would be the height of cowardice in him to endeavor to retain an attachment that might blight all her life to come. And yet he longed to put himself right with her if he could, to show her that he was not the mere reprobate and spendthrift that some people thought him. He determined, at last, to write her a farewell letter. His tormenting thoughts were quieted at the prospect of opening his true mind to the girl he loved. He paced up and down for a while, bringing his ideas to a focus. Then he remembered that his writing-materials were with his other luggage, and he rang the bell to ask if his things had arrived. But no one attended to the summons, and looking about him, he saw that there were writing-materials in a small letter-case upon the table, and helping himself to what he wanted, he began to write.

"My dear Audrey." No; that was too cold; for once, he would call her "My darling."

He had written thus much, when there came a knock at the door, and, with instinctive precaution, Westley put the blotting-paper over his note, and called out, "Come in."

He did not look up from the table; it was the untidy maid-servant, no doubt.

"I think you rang, sir?" said a clear, musical voice, at which he started, and raising his eyes, beheld a very pretty young woman, who, notwithstanding her white apron, the tray in her hand, and her demure carriage, did not look altogether like a maid-of-all-work. Westley rose to his feet instinctively, his eyes fixed upon his visitor with undisguised admiration. Olivia cast down hers a little embarrassed.

"I certainly rang," said Westley, "but it was only to ask about my luggage, to know if it had arrived. Don't trouble yourself to ask. I have helped myself to writing-materials, which were all I wanted."

"But you are surely going to take some refreshment. It is six o'clock—would you not like some tea?"

"Oh, no; I won't trouble you," said Westley.

"Perhaps you are going out to dinner, sir?"

"No; I've had something to eat, and I don't think I shall want anything more."

Mrs. Brown's curiosity was too powerful within her to permit her to remain tranquil whilst this interview was going on. She had been listening at the foot of the stairs, had gradually ascended as far as the drawing-room floor, and now stood at the door and interposed in the discussion:

"Oh, Mr. Wilford: we can't allow you to injure yourself with fasting and starvation; but perhaps you would prefer a little cheerful society to moping here by yourself. If you will condescend to join us—my daughter and me—at our humble meal it will be ready in half an hour."

"Ah! this is your daughter," said Westley, bowing politely; "I shall be delighted to make her acquaintance. Yes; I shall be glad to avail myself of your invitation."

Olivia retired, rather vexed at the turn things had taken. Mrs. Brown held her ground, and, indeed, advanced into the middle of the room, rubbing her hands.

"My daughter, you see, has only just arrived. She has been stopping with relations in the country—highly distinguished people—beautiful country seat—every luxury you can imagine; a great change, indeed, to my humble home. But after all, Mr. Wilford, when you feel here,"—laying her hand upon her heart—"that you have acted in an honorable, disinterested way, poverty is quite endurable."

"No doubt," said Wilford; "but at this moment I have a letter to write; in half an hour, then, I will join you at tea."

"*A tantot*, then," said Mrs. Brown, waving her hand gracefully, and retiring.

"Oh, mam," said Olivia, as Mrs. Btown made her appearance in her own sitting-room, "why did you ask this young man to join us? It is throwing ourselves at his head."

"Nothing of the kind," replied Mrs. Brown, with dignity. "I am only too glad of the opportunity of showing him some little attention."

Westley tried to resume the thread of his ideas, and to take up his farewell letter to Audrey; but he was no longer in the mood. The fervid impulses that had moved him just now had died away. Whilst he sat with the paper before him, vainly trying to bring to mind all the things he ought to say, the prominent idea in his mind was the image of the young girl he had just seen. That he should see her again in half an hour's time, that he should spend the whole evening with her, these were considerations that engrossed his whole attention. Past and future might shift for themselves for a while; the present moment, that had become, all of a sudden, quite radiant for him, should engross all his thoughts.

Westley soon made himself quite at home in Mrs. Brown's parlor. He helped Olivia to cut bread and butter, he co-operated in the toasting of the sally-lunn; he gratified Mrs. Brown by some lively stories, in which there figured a countess or two and a young duke—stories that so impressed that lady, that for a whole hour she forbore any allusion to her friend Lady Blacklock, otherwise her trump conversational card. He watched Olivia with a good deal of interest. There was a kind of mystery about her which excited his curiosity. She was very superior to her mother in education, manners, everything; and she did not resemble her in any one point. Then her manner to Mrs. Brown, although pleasant and friendly, was not filial; and there was a kind of deference on the part of the mother that did not seem altogether natural.

"Ah," said Mrs. Brown, when Olivia was absent from the room for a few moments, "humble as are my means, Olivia, there is no doubt, will be a prize worth winning. The relations with whom she has been staying are enormously rich. Olivia is the apple of their eyes; they have no near relations but us. These considerations lead me to sacrifice my own feelings for the good of the child."

"That's very thoughtful of you, I'm sure," said Westley. "She is a charming girl, and worthy of any good fortune that may come to her."

"Yes," said Mrs. Brown, significantly, "and she would be a fortune to any one lucky enough to win her."

In the course of the evening Jobling arrived in a cab with the united baggage of young Westley and Olivia. It was all piled in the hall together, and the cabman, who was slightly and good-naturedly in liquor, demanded an extra "tip" on the ground of its evidently being a wedding job.

Mrs. Brown said it was quite ominous, and that she felt certain that as they had come together—these boxes and things—they would leave together, and that there would be a wedding in the house before long. But she confided these matters only to Jane, the maid-of-all-work, and did not venture to repeat them before Olivia, who had a way of putting down her mother and trampling on her that made Mrs. Brown careful of what she said before her. Jobling brought this much news: his master had gone out of town, and would not be back for a week, and nothing was to be sent on to him but telegrams.

"That is a nuisance for me," said Olivia, when she heard of it. "I sha'n't get my check now till he comes back, and all the theatre tickets. Well, I must write to mamma for money, and she is so stingy."

This was said as Olivia was preparing herself for bed, Mrs. Brown having come into her room to say good-night and enjoy a little further gossip.

"I can lend you a pound or two to go on with, dear," said Mrs. Brown, with all the pride of unaccustomed wealth; "so don't worry about that; and, Olivia, what do you think of dear Westley? Is he not a noble fellow?"

"He is not bad in himself," said Olivia, calmly, her mouth full of hairpins; "but what a pity he has made away with all his money."

"Ah, you young people are so mercenary," said Mrs. Brown, with a sigh. "If I were a young girl with a fortune, there would be nothing I should like better than to devote myself to dear Westley, and make up to him what he has lost."

"Why don't you make him a proposal, Mam? You could offer him a comfortable home, and he could look after your lodgers and see they did not cheat you so shamefully."

Mrs. Brown aimed a slap at her daughter's shoulders, which that young lady evaded, laughing. Then she shook her head, sighed, and bade good-night.

Nevertheless, it is doubtful whether Olivia did not see in her visions that night, or perhaps in her first morning dream ere she awoke, some faint image of the handsome and unlucky young gentleman, spendthrift as he might be.

CHAPTER VIII.

GOING, GOING, GONE!

The announcement of a general sale at Wilfordhurst created, as was natural, a considerable excitement in the neighborhood. Whatever might have been the origin of the Wilfords, to what particular stratum of the landed aristocracy they might be assigned, whether among the regular stratified series of wool, iron, cotton, shoddy, coal, and general plunder, or to the interpenetrating Plutonic veins of law or war, does not matter much. At all events, they had lived long enough at Wilfordhurst to be looked upon as belonging to the settled institutions of the country.

Mr. Arthur Wilford had made up his mind to attend this sale—not the whole affair, which was to last five days, but the principal day, when the plate, pictures, articles of vertu, and family heirlooms were to be sold. This, by common consent, was marked out as the aristocratic day. All the best people of the neighborhood were then expected to attend, and form a sort of golden nucleus to the rude nebulous mass of vulgar buyers. He ordered his nieces to accompany him. Audrey would gladly have stayed at home, but as her uncle relied upon her help, he being somewhat short-sighted and very helpless in scenes of bustle and confusion, she made a sacrifice of her own feelings, and consented to go.

Several days before the sale Audrey received a letter from Westley. It was not the one he had made a brief beginning of on the night he first saw Olivia, but a more elaborate and colder document, intended rather to justify his own conduct than to touch her heart or win her compassion. Audrey, however, did not open the letter. She took it to her uncle, telling him that she should much like to read and consider it, but that she would be guided by his wishes.

"Then my wish is," cried Arthur Wilford, "that the letter be sent back unopened. You think, Audrey, that Westley is breaking his heart about you, and expiating his sins in sackcloth and ashes. It is in the ashes of burnt cigars then—in the sackcloth of the scene-painter. I don't speak to hurt your feelings, Audrey, but to open your eyes, and show you what manner of man this is you have made a hero of. Well, what think you of his being seen, only a day or two ago, dining sumptuously at Richmond, his companion a very handsome girl, whose acquaintance he can hardly have made in any honest way? That I have the testimony of an eye-witness for."

The eye-witness had, by the way, overlooked the presence of Mrs. Brown, the mother of the handsome young woman. But the fact of the dinner at Richmond was undeniable. Still there was nothing in it but a proof of Westley's good nature, and also, perhaps, of his rashness. But he was bored above bearing by his seclusion, and Mrs. Brown was the original author of the project.

Still Audrey was too just to condemn Westley unheard.

"We have no right to call him to account," she said to her uncle. "I don't see why he should not dine at Richmond if he likes; and I know how ill-natured men are in telling tales of their friends. However, I will send his letter back as you wish it; and perhaps it is best."

Audrey put a sorrowful little note into the packet:

"DEAR WESTLEY.—My uncle thinks I had better not read your letter, and so I return it to you unopened. Don't be hurt, because, if circumstances were different, I should like to hear from you very, very much. But we had better put out of our minds all thought of what can never be. ETHELDREDA."

However kindly the thing may be put, the sight of an unopened letter returned from its recipient is not likely to conciliate the self-love of the sender. Westley was angry, indignant, hardly read the note, which he tore into a thousand fragments, and bestowed on Audrey sundry epithets, such as a prude, cold-hearted, Miss Prudence; and that evening he took Olivia to the opera, still under the convoy of Mam Brown.

This, however, was the last opportunity that Westley had of acquitting himself thus indiscreetly. It so happened that a friend of Petworth's, who was acquainted with the persons both of Westley and Olivia, was present in the stalls, and he was so struck by the incongruity of their association under existing circumstances, that he lost no time in telegraphing to Petworth, and asking him if it was with his knowledge that his daughter—known only to this person as Petworth's daughter—was present at public entertainments with Westley Wilford.

The message brought Petworth at once back to town, and he forthwith presented himself at No. 8 Bodley-terrace. Mrs. Brown received in private a very strong setting-down, but he said nothing to Olivia, except to bid her pack up her things and accompany him immediately. Olivia complied with a very bad grace, but Petworth took up his position on the parlor hearth-rug, and holding Mrs. Brown in a sort of honorable captivity, would not stir therefrom till all Olivia's effects had been brought down and placed in readiness in the hall.

Petworth said very little to his adopted daughter till after they reached his chambers in Victoria street. When he had established Olivia in a comfortable arm-chair by the fire, had opened his letters, and mastered their contents—

"Ah!" he said, taking one little billet out the heap and spreading it out before him, "I see you had the grace to announce your arrival in town—um, um! Well, Olivia, I don't object to your enjoying yourself; but I must say I don't think Mrs. Brown is cut out to be the chaperon of a young lady like you. She was sentimental and flighty as a girl, and she seems to get worse as she gets older. But never mind about that."

"Oh, but I do mind!" said Olivia, who was evidently a little ruffled in temper; "she is my mother, please remember!"

"My dear Olivia," said Petworth, "left to your mother's care, you would probably at this moment have been a kitchen drudge in a third-rate lodging-house. Judge whether you owe more to her than you do to us, who have spared neither pains nor cost to make you an elegant accomplished girl. But my objection is not to Mrs. Brown, but the sort of people you are likely to meet at her house—bankrupt captains and broken-down young gamesters, like the youth she has there now."

"As for that, I have never met any one there till this time—a very nice gentlemanly fellow."

"With whom you went to the opera?"

"Yes, with Mam Brown: there was no harm in that."

Petworth shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't think I'd do that sort of thing again. It gets you talked about. But never mind that. Did you go anywhere else with him?"

"To Richmond—for a row on the river, and so on—still with the Mam, of course."

"Of course; well, did you pay the young man's expenses?"

"How absurd! why you know how short of money I was."

"Then he paid yours, I suppose?"

"Oh, how do I know who paid?" said Olivia, contemptuously. "Somebody paid, I suppose. Possibly Mam Brown."

"Pish!" said Petworth; "never mind that. Do you know that this young fellow is ruined, root and branch; and that he owes me a lot of money, which I shall never get?"

"All the better," said Olivia; "then I need feel no sense of obligation if he has been at any expense for me: you can score it off the account, you know."

Petworth looked at Olivia for a moment as if he would like to box her ears; then his face cleared, and he smiled benignly.

"Olivia, my dear," he said, "I believe you have attained the true aristocratic *insouciance*. It is a charming gift for a rich man's child, although I doubt whether it would be appreciated in a

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third-class lodging house. But never mind that. Olivia, I believe that you have talent and courage. Well, listen to me, and judge of the future that I have marked out for you. After that you can, if you please, return to Bodley-terrace, to Mrs. Brown and her bankrupt lodger."

"Papa," said Olivia, rising, and walking up to Petworth's desk she laid her hand affectionately on his shoulder, "I know that I owe everything to you, and I feel your great kindness in all respects. Don't think, because I was a little cross at your taking me away so suddenly, that I was undutiful to you. But, then, Mam Brown is my mother, and I owe her something surely."

"You were put out to nurse, Olivia, when you were a fortnight old; from that time till we adopted you I don't think your mother saw you once a quarter. Anything she may have expended on your early maintenance—and we had eighteen months' arrears to pay when we took you away from your nurse—anything thus expended has been repaid her over and over again. She is the author of your being indeed, Olivia," said Petworth, rubbing his hands and smiling sardonically; "but she has disposed of the copyright, my dear, and, like most authors, was only too glad of an offer for it."

Olivia went back to her seat without a word, and sitting down by the fire, shaded her eyes with her hands and rocked herself gently to and fro. Petworth watched her keenly, but not unkindly.

"My dear," he said at last, "I don't wish to disenchant you with life; I only want to show you its ultimate bases. I have drawn one picture for you, now let me try my hand at another. What would you say, Olivia, to being the mistress of a fine ancestral estate—one of the real aristocracy of the country; your husband, we'll say, a Member of Parliament, or perhaps in the House of Lords—one of the Government, out or in; you the centre of your own *coterie*, with noblemen and statesmen quarreling for your smiles? What do you think of that, Livy—eh?"

"I did not know that you had such a fertile imagination, papa," said Olivia, coldly, without turning her eyes in his direction.

"Imagination—pish! I know how many beans make five, and that is worth all the imagination in the world—eh? With your father lord of the manor of Wilfordhurst—a baronet, too, perhaps—Gad! I've got claims on the Government, in black and white too, my dear—and with you, Olivia, doing the honors of a first-rate country mansion!"

"What are you going to do with Mrs. Petworth then?" asked Olivia.

"Bibles and blankets," said Petworth; "give her these, she's content. You shall be the real lady of the manor, Livy; and we'll fill our new house with tip-top people. There, Olivia, brighten up your face and trust to your old dad to look after your welfare. Come, you shall go with me to-morrow and look at the place I think of buying."

"Is it with young Wilford that you are bargaining, papa?"

"Pooh! the matter's out of his hands long ago. Bradshaw, the banker of Fordham, has mortgages to the extent of eighty thousand pounds. He has taken possession, and naturally he is anxious to get back his money. Well, I have eighty thousand pounds at my command; you see the advantage now of having five shillings in your pocket, eh? I offer our friend Bradshaw to step into his shoes. Now mind you, Livy, I'm putting great confidence in you in telling you all this. Well, our respectable old banker gives me an answer to-morrow; my eighty thousand is ready—the banker covets money badly—unless something very cross turns up, the estate is mine."

"But not your very own," said Olivia; "even then you will only be the mortgagee, like Bradshaw."

"Trust me for that," said Petworth. "I have got mortgage bonds in that safe, signed by our young friend, to the tune of fifty thousand pounds."

"Oh, papa, does he owe you so much as that?"

"Pooh! never mind that," said Petworth; "I don't suppose I could get five hundred pounds upon them if I went into the market; but they are worth all the money to me, because, as I told you, I know how many beans make five."

Petworth laughed, jingled his keys, locked up his safe, and put his hat on his head.

"Come, Olivia," he said, "I'll give myself a holiday to run about town with you. I've secured rooms for us at Long's Hotel, and to-night we'll have a box at the Lyceum, and see what Irving can do in Hamlet. To-morrow we'll go down and look at our new estate. There's a sale going on at the house, and you shall have *carte blanche* to buy what you like."

"Ah, you are a good old man after all," said Olivia, giving him a kiss.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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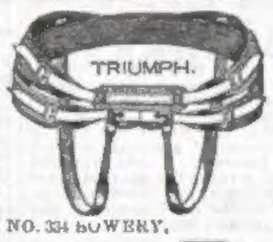

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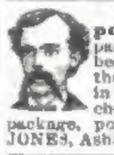

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Of our intention to put *new* and *lower prices* on much of our Stock.

THE YEAR'S CLOSING OUT SALE

will commence at half-past six o'clock, each week-day morning, and continue until our Fall and Winter Stock is sold.

THE MAIN FACT IS:

We have made up too many Overcoats and Suits for this year, and to transfer our Stock into Cash needed for preparation for 1876, we will make certain *sacrifices* which will be apparent on and after WEDNESDAY, December 1st, when we shall have gone through our Salesrooms and cut off Profits and even a part of the cost, from many of our present prices.

To be very exact in stating this matter, as we don't intend that any advertisement or custom of our house shall mislead the public in the least particular, we think it proper to say that this Mark Down, while it applies to

A THOUSAND AND MORE OVERCOATS,
A THOUSAND AND MORE BUSINESS COATS,
HUNDREDS OF DRESS COATS,
SEVERAL THOUSAND VESTS,
SEVERAL THOUSAND PAIRS OF PANTS,

and extends throughout our house, yet there are some lots in which as they have already been marked at close prices) we shall make no change.

We desire to announce that this is our final and

ONLY MARK DOWN THIS SEASON,

So that none need wait for Lower Prices.

The step we take will wonderfully aid those who feel like Economizing.

The terms of the sale are

The Usual Terms of our House:

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It will be remembered that our stock always embraces the Choicest Styles of Substantial Goods, and that every size and shape is provided for both Men and Boys. It will also be remembered that there is but one

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LADIES, you can have a clear complexion by using HARRISON'S PARIAN WHITE face-powder. *It is very beautifying in effect, can be used without detection, and does not rub off.* Ask your druggist for it, or send three-cent stamp for trial sample. Address HARRISON MFG. Co., 12 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED.—Agents for Labor Reform suspender, ladies' garment suspender, and the best known inventions for supporting stockings; goods indispensable; agents are earning from $12 to over $150 per week. B. J. GREELY, 863 Washington st., Boston.

THE BOUDOIR.

In spite of the mildness of the season up to the present date, the "knowing ones" prophesy that we will not long miss the heavy snows and icy blasts of an unusually severe winter. The furriers and others interested in such "cold comfort," being warned in time, have laid in an extra stock of fur-lined and trimmed garments. We have from time to time given hints concerning the most fashionable styles of making these articles, also the kinds of fur most in vogue.

We remarked a very unique paletot in plum blue matelasse silk, lined and trimmed with fur. The lining was of the "squirrel lock" fur, and the bands of outer trimming were of chinchilla fur. The shape was Louis XVth, short in the back and sloping down longer on the sides and in front. The double-breasted front lapped diagonally, and the overlapping side had a wide revers of fur on the outer edge. A Byron collar of fur, and deep cuffs for the sleeves, pockets on the fronts completed the trimming. Altogether it was a most comfortable garment. At the back part of the neck a flat cord and tassels of gray silk, to match the fur in color, was fastened in graceful loops. Similar cord and tassels were placed on the outer seam of the deep fur cuffs. A muff of dark blue matelasse, lined and bordered with similar fur, accompanied this sacque.

For children, sacques, capes and muffs of gray or white coney-skins are shown, at very reasonable rates.

The long silk cloaks, fur-lined, we have too often alluded to to again describe. Their popularity is somewhat tempered by the fact of their expensiveness, costing from one hundred dollars and upwards.

We saw some pretty gloves for very cold days, of undressed kid, with backs and cuffs of seal-fur.

Boys wear caps of seal, astrachan, and colored otter-furs. These latter look as well as genuine seal, and are far less expensive. The seal-skin caps and hats this winter, for both ladies' and gentlemen's wear, have very high crowns—some are worn round and standing, others are indented like Alpine hats.

The fashion of wearing a brown feather in seal-skin hats, inaugurated at the commencement of the season, has not met with much favor, and is in consequence but little adopted; short tufts of fur, like a rabbit's tail, and colored to match the natural seal-fur, are preferred for trimming when any is used.

Among the models for children's wraps we noticed a cloak of dove gray chinchilla cloth, lined with silk and well wadded, cut talma shape, bordered with a three inch border of chinchilla fur. A flat hood of the silk was laid on at the neck, forming a square instead of pointed ending; it was also bordered with a row of chinchilla fur, and had two loops of gray faille ribbon, with longs ends falling from under the hood.

A paletot for a boy of six years of age, was made loose in front with a belt set on in the back, held in place by four buttons. Deep outside pockets were placed low down on each side of the front. Deep Byron collar of silk finished the neck. The color of the garment was deep claret.

A pardessus for a girl of eight, was of dark green cashmere, cut Gabrielle, and half tight fitting. A triple row of buttons was placed down the front; a pattern of palm leaves was braided on each side of the front in green soutache, lighter in color than the garment itself. A half loose sacque of the cashmere, coming low down on the hips, was worn with the main garment. It was closed in front by frogs and loops of green silk cord. A deep sailor collar finished the neck.

Very long sacques and outer garments are worn by children and young girls. For a girl of ten years of age we saw a very pretty sacque of brown matelasse, made long and loose, lined with white merino. A belt of brown gros grain, laid in folds, confined the waist; and a deep cape of matelasse, piped with gros grain, and looped in the middle of the back with gros grain ribbon, completed the garment. A pretty hat of gros grain and velvet, in two shades of brown, and made in the capote shape, accompanied this sacque. The soft puffed crown was of the velvet, around which a softly folded scarf of gros grain was placed. The brim drooped over the forehead, and was itself a ruffle of gros grain lined with robin's-egg blue silk. A small cluster of ostrich tips was placed at the back of the hat.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Very high Polish boots of undressed kid are worn by both boys and girls—sometimes they are fur-tipped.

White lace ties wrought in satin floss, also white, are fashionably worn.

Buckles and agraffes, of plated silver and silver gilt, are very much used.

Crystal lockets are very stylish, mounted in frosted silver.

White crepe lisse masque veils are still worn.

Marguerite wrappers of striped and checked black and white flannel are much in vogue for house wear.

Dark green is the color now for plain silks.

Blonde hair is going out of fashion; consequently the blondes are "dyeing" brown and black—as to their braids and curls.

Gentlemen's overcoats are trimmed with seal and astrachan fur, and sometimes fur-lined.

Velvet underskirts are again coming into favor.

Ermine furs are no longer fashionable, even for children's wear.

Scarlet merino underwear is more fashionable than white, the former color being considered to have more warmth.

Thick soled boots, with low, square heels, are adopted by sensible women for the promenade.

Mufflers of navy blue, striped on the edge with white or brown, and scarlet ones striped with brown, are fashionably worn.

One seldom sees fur boas worn now, and more rarely yet, fur capes—hence throats are growing stronger.

Small close caps of fine muslin or linen cambric are worn by babies now, a return to the fashions of our great-grandmothers.

Square crowned beaver hats are much worn by little boys.

Fleece-lined pique is used for little children's wear during the winter.

Brown and gray worsted long stockings have superseded the gay reds and blues of other seasons.

Light felt hats are very fashionably worn.

Opera cloaks of bright clear scarlet, lined with pale cream color, are coming back into vogue.

OUR WORK TABLE.

We shall give in this number a description of a child's waterproof cloak made after a French model. For waterproof cloth of the ordinary width it will require two and a quarter yards. The fronts are cut loose sacque shape, having one shallow dart on each side to give a sloping fit. The back is entirely loose, and confined at the waist in four plaits, two on each side, turning towards the centre. This belt commences under the arm, at the waist on one side, and ends at the same place on the opposite side. Underneath are tape strings of the color of the cloth, which tie in front and keep the belt flat and in place behind. Deep pockets are placed in front, and just back of them a band of cloth, with three buttons sewed on at regular intervals—the band placed perpendicularly. A loop of woolen braid is sewed on the skirt of the cloak some distance below this band, and when it is desired to shorten the garment the loop is placed over one of the buttons. The sleeves are loose and bowing, pointed on the outer seam. The hood was a decided novelty, being a straight piece of the cloth one-third of a yard wide and two yards long. It is hemmed all round, or bound with braid, and fastened by a button and loop to the centre of the neck band. When not used for a hood it folds about the neck like a scarf, and gives protection to the chest, without being as cumbersome as the ordinary cape. When used as a hood, it is unbuttoned from the neck band, and two ribbons, which are run in a casing which is sewed on four inches from the lower edge, and which is thirteen inches long, are drawn up until the hood is the proper size, and then tied to hold it in place. The long ends which hang loose can be comfortably pinned or otherwise fastened under the chin, and we think our readers will find this hood a great improvement upon the ordinary shape, which has such a "draggy," choking feeling. Paper patterns furnished on application.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MISS JENNIE W.—Sent combs and patterns per mail.

JENNIE K.—We can purchase the breastpin you desire for three dollars.

MRS. A. R. H.—Wear a sheer white muslin apron and kerchief with Martha Washington cap, and your hair powdered, for the "Tea Party." Your black and silver brocade is just the thing you need in the way of a dress. Have elbow sleeves, half-tight fitting, and edged with a deep fall of old lace if you have it, if not, use finely wrought muslin. If you wear gloves, let them reach to the elbow.

PRUDIE.—The cloth varies both in width and price, the very wide is expensive. Make the brocade with square apron front over-skirt and sleeveless cuirass jacket. Combine with deep Marie Louise blue or else violet colored silk. Have the sleeves and alternate loops of sash back of either of these colors, and underskirt also. If for evening wear, have square neck front, and put a wide quilling of lace in. Very happy to answer your pleasant letter of inquiry, and many thanks for your kind words. NIXON.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT CENTENNIAL BUILDING.

We have the pleasure to give our readers an illustration of the United States Government Centennial Building, of which, though in point of importance and size it ranks third among the Centennial buildings, little or nothing is known outside of Philadelphia. This illustration is an excellent representation of the building, the outside appearance of which, exclusive of decorations, is in the shape of a Maltese cross, unbroken in outline except by an octagonal dome over the intersection of the arms. Unlike the other buildings, this is mainly of wood; but it is the only one except Memorial Hall having an air of solidity and permanence.

The main stem of the cross is 480 feet

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT CENTENNIAL BUILDINGS, PHILADELPHIA.

long, and the cross arms 340 feet. This is clear of the entrance, which will protrude 10 feet further on each end. The building in the middle is, so to speak, two stories high, the upper story being sided with windows acting as skylights for the building. Spans run clear across the edifice, supporting the roof with the aid of rows of columns built along what will be the main aisle. The whole design, while very strong, has the appearance of lightness, no heavy work being visible anywhere. In the middle of the building, in the centre of the angles of the cross, is a dome surmounted by a small cupola, and this again by a flag-staff. The dome is of the Byzanthian style, and its summit is about 100 feet from the ground, the roof being supported by eight arched brackets, meeting at a common centre, and elaborately ornamented with gig-saw work. Around it on the offices situated in the angles, are four smaller domes of similar design. The building sits high, and will have a terrace around it with an area wall. The sides of the building comprise three sections, the first a base of brick, the next of lath and plaster and the uppermost of glass. The lath and plaster section is frescoed plainly on the outside with stencil work, and inside, by the same means, it has been covered with figures differing in the various departments of the building in order to symbolize the different exhibits. The Indian department having tomahawks and arrow-heads; the agricultural, plows and reapers; the Smithsonian and Patent Office, theodolites, terrestrial globes, cog-wheels, etc.

The four main fronts, one at each extremity of the arms of the cross are imitations of Grecian architecture. Just within each of them will be two offices—making eight in all—for the heads of the several departments. The doorways of the main entrance stand out from the building, and are fifteen feet high. The main entrance will be quite handsome. It rises to a peak, and has an immense window and circular top. There will be two bas-reliefs, one on each side of and above the entrance, formed of plaster, 12x6 feet in size, one symbolizing War in 1776, the other Peace in 1876. All around the building will be very handsome walks and flower-beds. Trees will also be planted in rows on the walks.

The Agricultural Department will show all the products of the country, and the fabrics of vegetable origin; also, starches, gums, etc.; also, game animals, fur-bearing animals, game-birds, etc.; all kinds of plants, predatory bugs, and insects of all kinds; liquors, food, improvement in agricultural-machinery, fruits, nuts, seeds, and growing plants.

The Engineering Bureau will show maps, charts and photographs of the work done by the department in river and harbor improvements; models, machinery, stone, concretes and wood; pontoon bridges and trains, siege and mining tools, reconnoisance instruments, lighthouse, movable dam, surf boats, fossil trees, etc.

The Treasury will show specimens of all money used, and the methods of manufacturing, a miniature Mint, and miniature of the Treasury Department.

The Signal Service will show all its instruments and methods.

The Navy Department in many respects, especially with ordnance, will be similar to the army; but all kinds of naval stores, models of ships, boats, methods of building, medicines, maps, charts, signals, compasses, navigation instruments, wire ropes, models of engines, etc., will be shown.

The Post Office will present a complete miniature post office, which will also be practical, so that visitors can mail letters. It will be so constructed as to be fully open to view.

One of the most interesting departments will be that of the Smithsonian Institute. All manner of fossil fishes, birds, animals, mollusks, specimens of extinct species; a series of representations of man from the primitive state to the present, with implements for war, chase, husbandry, and mechanics; religious rites, games, amusements, methods of burial, and everything pertaining to him that is representative; living specimens of animals, birds, fishes and reptiles.

The Interior Department will show surveying apparatus, models, instruments, documents, works on education, models from the Patent Office, 20,000 in number; all the census returns of the country, maps, charts, etc. The Indian Department is included here, and there will be representatives of the tribes, with their modes of living, utensils, dresses, and weapons.

The Ordnance Department intend making a fine display. Complementary to the exhibit of the individual soldier of the present period, armed with the modern weapon, there will be as complete a set of gun-making machinery in operation as the available duplicate machines at the National Armory at Springfield will permit. In connection with this branch of the Exhibition will be displayed various small arms in the possession of the department. A collection of pistols, swords, sabres, riflemen's knives, etc., will accompany the series. There will also be shown specimens of experimental and foreign cartridges, and materials used in the construction of cartridges. A 20-inch Rodman gun has been brought from Fortress Monroe. It is the largest in the country, weighing 57 tons, and carries a 1080 pound ball.

The building will cost from $150,000 to $200,000 when completed. To the kindness of Lieutenant Metcalf, Supervisor of Construction, we are indebted for an advance copy of a large drawing of this building, from which we have had engraved the above illustration. To this officer very great credit is due for the expeditious manner in which this building has progressed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—Clever People. Walter's Wife. A True Heroine. Love at First Sight. Which Loved Him? Christmas Musings. Winter's Joys.

J. E. W.—"Has either of you dropped a glove?" is the correct expression, and not "Have either of you dropped a glove?" for "either" is singular.

TROUBLED.—To cure chilblains, use the following liniment: Spirits of turpentine 1 ounce, liquid ammonia half an ounce, and as much gum camphor as the mixture will dissolve.

FACT.—It does not make any difference that the note has been lost or stolen; that does not release the maker of the note. He must pay it if the consideration for which it was given and the amount can be proved.

O. M.—If you trust to "good luck," that is, to *chance*, you will never get on in the world. Untiring industry, thorough honesty, rigid economy, and unrelaxing perseverance will lead to the only legitimate good luck known to mortals.

F. B.—We cannot give you an answer to your question in the full detail you want, all we can tell you is, that to pass the required examination you must be thoroughly proficient in a common school education, and must know how to spell the word "rigid" properly, not "riggid" as you have it in your postal card.

L. E. R.—We think you are unreasonably jealous. Must a gentleman abandon his good manners, or the politeness and civility due to every woman, whenever he falls in love? If so, then love must be an evil to society, and not a blessing. The love which makes itself disagreeable in society is false love, and only fit for family jars—not preserve, but pickle jars!

TWENTY-SIX.—You ought certainly to have had a lover by this time; and it does not say much for the taste of the young men of your neighborhood that they have neglected you so long. But you need not despair; one may come when least expected, and we hope that when he does arrive, and you marry, you will get a husband who will properly appreciate your housekeeping qualifications.

RAISINS (Greenville, N. C.)—Raisins are prepared either by cutting the stalk of the bunches half through when they are nearly ripe, and leaving them on the vine till the sun dries and candies them, or else the grapes are gathered when fully ripe, dipped in a lye made of vine-wood ashes, and dried in the sun. Inferior kinds are dried in ovens. Raisins are chiefly imported from Spain, Turkey and Italy. Of these the ones from Smyrna are the least esteemed, and those from Malaga the most. The finest of the Malaga raisins are those made from the Muscatel grape. We hope the above information will be serviceable to you.

J. MC. M.—If you have any reason to believe that the lady whom you have been visiting, you say, with purely *friendly* motives, and with no other ulterior views, has misunderstood the nature of your visits, and that she is becoming attached to you, and if you are sure that you do not and cannot ever love her sufficiently to ask her to be your wife, then your duty is to at once cease these friendly visits, treat her politely, but only as a friend, and let her slowly but surely discover the truth. No "explanation" are required, as such would apt to be offensive, and might be resented as an impertinence.

SANTA CLAUS.—The Christmas Tree is doubtless of German origin. Though in its present form it is comparatively of recent date, yet its pagan prototype enjoyed a very high antiquity. The early Germans conceived of the world as a great tree whose roots were hidden deep under the earth, but whose top, flourishing in the midst of Walhalla, the old German paradise, nourished the she-goat upon whose milk fallen heroes restored themselves. Yggdrasil was the name of this tree, and its memory was still green long after Christianity had been introduced into Germany, when much of its symbolic character was transferred to a Christmas Tree.

H. J. W. writes us a long letter, the burthen of which is, "I want to make a change. I feel that I am not valued according to my deserts." This is a very common failing, as many fancy that they are not appreciated according to their deserts. We would advise our correspondent by all means to move—anywhere that he may choose—in order to test the accuracy of his estimation of his own merit and ability. As a rule, a man is appreciated fully for all that he is and does, often too much more; and it is wise and safe to take the measure other people give us as a just one; and if it does not satisfy us, we should work harder till they voluntarily change it. Few men rise and remain long above their just level; few can be kept below it.

H. M. B.—"I cannot buy anywhere in our neighborhood any good writing ink; the trash they sell here is not fit to write with, and a good recipe, if you know of one, will be most thankfully received, not only by me, but I am sure by many others." You will find the following will make an excellent writing ink, and that writing with it will be a real pleasure instead of a nuisance, as it is, to us at least, with a pale ink: To one quart of strong decoction of logwood, well strained, add three ounces of blue galls in coarse powder, 1½ drams sulphate of iron, 1¼ drams acetate of copper, 12 drams of well ground sugar, 1¼ ounces of gum arabic. Set it over the fire till it begins to boil, then set it away uncorked till it has turned black enough, add a few cloves to keep out the mould.

G. P. C.—"What is the origin of the saying, 'Nine tailors make a man'?" We have heard several accounts of the origin of this phrase; but the true one we believe is the following: In 1742 an orphan boy applied for alms at a fashionable tailor's shop in London, in which nine journeymen were employed. The boy's interesting appearance touched the hearts of those journeymen, who immediately contributed between them nine shillings for his relief. With this capital our youthful hero purchased some fruit, which he retailed at a profit. Time passed on, and wealth and honor smiled upon the enterprising young tradesman, so that when at last he set up his carriage, he painted the following motto on the panel: "Nine tailors made me a man."

NAMELESS puts to us the question which has been perplexing her very much: "Which is the greatest crime, to marry a man you are engaged to whilst another has all your affections, or break the engagement?" It is better to break the engagement, of course, for an engagement is more or less conditional, and implies the existence of love, or at all events a sense of duty equivalent to love; but what is *morally* best is not always *conventionally* best, and it is impossible for society to receive such a justification of a fickle love of either sex. The only way is to bring about a rupture of the engagement on some pretense or other; for to break off the engagement abruptly without some better or more plausible reason than a mere change of mind would be enough to ruin one's good name in the eyes of all one's acquaintances and friends.

J. S. E.—"Is Buddhism anything like Brahminism; or is it an entirely different religion?" Buddhism is only a modification of Brahminism, which prevails in southern and further India, China and Japan. But it rejects caste, and many of the cruel practices of the Brahmins. It maintains, in common with them, that the soul is an emanation from the deity, and will ultimately return to its origin, and cease to exist as a distinct consciousness: but no soul will attain this supreme felicity of annihilation, till it has expiated any guilt it may have contracted, by inhabiting the body of some future person or animal, where it may suffer for its sins in former state. Hence their aversion to kill any animal. A Buddhist would abhor killing a lame duck: for it might be the tabernacle of the soul of his grandmother.

ENGINEER.—According to the Secretary of the Navy's Report, just issued, the number of vessels of every class and description now borne on the Navy Register is 147. These carry, all told, 1195 guns, and are of 152,492 tons measurement. Of these, 26, carrying nominally 366 guns, are sailing vessels, without steam power. These latter, though most of them are useful for the purpose to which they are assigned, are of little or no value as part of an efficient force for either the cruising or fighting purposes of the day. Our iron-clad fleet consists of 28 vessels, classed as follows: Three, the Massachusetts, Oregon and Colossus, which are of a class and in condition to be of no service whatever. The remaining 23, consisting of 21 vessels of the monitor type and two iron torpedo ships, are all efficient vessels of their class, and very powerful in both defensive and offensive operations near our shores. This makes eighty available ships, including sixteen iron-clads and two torpedo boats.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A. D.—It is a fault that is slowly cured; but the cure will come in time with patience in correction. H. T. S. The words Kyrie E elson are Greek for "Lord, have mercy upon us!" Y. T.—Better wait a while till you see a probability of being able to marry soon. M. S. M. wants to know if a gentleman loves her who is very attentive to her, and whom she likes? Let her try if she can make him jealous. NELLIE.—Our frank opinion is that he is only playing with you. Take our advice and discard him. He has trifled with you long enough. E. D. M.—You can use, but if you will take our advice, you will refrain from doing so. The damages you might get would not be worth the trouble and exposure necessary to gain them. W. T. (Holmesburg.) Your writing and spelling are very good, and quite suitable for the situation you wish for. J. H. C.—May 4th 1850 fell on Wednesday. SUPERBA.—Keeping the teeth clean and the stomach in a regular state, is the best remedy for an offensive breath. J. S.—It is not judicious to exercise the minds of children much in early life. Learning should be made as amusing to them as possible.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

WARSAW, Poland, has introduced cast-iron pavements, blocks three feet by one-half, and three inches thick, being laid lengthwise of the road. It is quickly put down, pleasant to ride on, does not change its profile from wear, is easily thawed out, and costs little for repairs.

IN the reconstruction of the Hotel de Ville, Paris, a machine is used for cutting stone which does in one day the work of 15 men. It is composed of two revolving cylinders furnished with marble hammers, by means of which the stone is separated with great rapidity and precision.

THE *Journal de Pharmacie* states that if, to a strong solution of gum arabic, measuring 8¾ fluid ounces, a solution of 30 grains of sulphate of aluminum dissolved in ½ of an ounce of water be added, a very strong mucilage is formed, capable of fastening wood together, or of mending porcelain or glass.

CEMENT FOR UNITING METAL, WOOD AND RUBBER.—Soak shellac in ten times its amount of strong liquid ammonia. It takes nearly a month to do it, but then a liquid will be obtained which, if applied to metal or wood, will adhere, and also to rubber, as it will soften its surface before drying, and so cause a strong adhesion to all. This cement is very valuable for making steam-pipe connections having rubber washers or rings perfectly air-tight, a job in which often much difficulty and annoyance are experienced.

THE power of gunpowder is shown by a recent writer in the *Revue Scientifique*. The velocity of a shell leaving the cannon is 1,300 feet per second. The height from which the projectile would have to fall to acquire this is 26,800 feet; consequently the power of the powder is equal to 219,000 foot pounds. The heat evolved by the combustion of one and one-quarter pounds of powder is equal to 340 7 calories. The mechanical work of this amount of heat is 1,050,000 foot pounds.

COLORING OAK WOOD.—According to Niedling, a beautiful orange-yellow tone, much admired in a chest at the Vienna Exhibition, may be imparted to oak wood by rubbing it in a warm room with a certain mixture until it acquires a dull polish, and then coating it, after an hour, with a thin polish, and repeating the coating of polish to improve the depth and brilliancy of the tone. The ingredients for the rubbing mixture are about 3 ounces of tallow, ¼ of an ounce of wax, and 1 pint of oil of turpentine, mixed by heating together and stirring.

CIRCULAR YACHT.—A curious little circular sailing yacht, twenty feet in diameter, has been built by a young officer of the Russian Navy to show that the circular form is not by any means so adverse to speed as many suppose. She is cutter-rigged, with a very taut mast, and has great speed under canvas in combination with an altogether unequalled power of staying and wearing. She is perfectly round, like a tea-saucer, and, having great stability, can carry, almost without inclination, all the canvas which it is possible to spread upon her. She is consequently very fast and extremely handy withal.

AN apparatus on purely scientific principles has been invented by Prof. Zimmerman, which, on being attached to a lamp, renders the latter self-lighting and extinguishing, the apparatus being simple and not liable to get out of order, and so inexpensive in regard to the chemicals employed as not to cost more than would the matches consumed in the usual way for that period. A slight pressure of the finger on a key infallibly lights the lamp without touching globe or chimney; on the other hand, squeezing a gutta percha ball with hose connection as instantly extinguishes it. Like the ordinary student's lamp, which in general construction the Zimmerman mechanism resembles, it revolves and can be elevated at pleasure; any kind of oil can be employed.

AT a factory near Dublin, Ireland, a mammoth telescope is being constructed, which will be, it is said, the largest in the world. It is building at the order of the Austro-Hungarian Government for the new observatory at Vienna, to be finished by the autumn of 1878. The object-glass will have an aperture of about 27 inches. The focal length is to be about 32 feet. The great base casting, weighing some seven to eight tons, will form a chamber about 12 feet long, 4 feet 6 inches wide, and 8 feet high for the clock, which will be massive in proportion to the other parts. All the axes will be supplied with anti-friction apparatus. The tube will be entirely of steel, and all the various motions of the instrument, as well as the reading of the different circles, will be available to the observer from the eye-end of the telescope.

AN ILLUMINATION OF THE PYRAMIDS.

The following is a description of an illumination of the Pyramids on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales to Egypt:

A sumptuous dinner was provided in the chalet or mosque that was built for the convenience of the Empress of the French at the time of her visit. After dinner came the event of the evening—the illumination of the Great Pyramid. It was a bold undertaking—the lighting up of a pyramidical mass four hundred and sixty feet high, presenting two sides, and seven hundred and thirty feet long, each broken into constantly recurring shadows by over the hundred courses of stone, each forming a ledge or platform round the Pyramid. However, complete success rewarded the courage of the two Pashas. First, Bengal fires, placed at short intervals round the Pyramid, were lighted, and each stone shone out as clear as day.

Rockets, Roman candles and other more complicated *feux d'artifice* filled the air with many colors. Then lights of all imaginable colors, which had been placed on every course of stone and up each angle of the Pyramid, were so simultaneously lit that the blaze seemed to run up the vast mass and in a moment envelope it in one great blaze of variegated fire, while magnesian wire shone out bright and clear from the apex. Every sort of firework crackled and blazed and made cascades of colored stars in the heavens. This sight was marvellous. The Prince and his suit expressed themselves greatly pleased. But still more emphatic was the burn of approbation from hundreds of Bedouins who were squatted about like statues in white drapery on the sand. Soon all was gray and cold again, and the desert and Pyramids, and the lonely sad-eyed Sphynx were left behind in the gloom, while the royal party galloped off to their palace to dress for a special representation at the opera house given by the French theatrical company, lately arrived in Cairo for the winter season.

A LONDON ROMANCE.

An officer in the army who was going out to India to join his regiment, recently made all his purchases at one of the famed London establishments. The customer was such a large buyer, that the worthy proprietor, contrary to usage, stepped forward to thank and express a hope that the officer was perfectly satisfied, and had been able to find everything that he required. The captain thanked the proprietor, and answered:

"Nearly all."

"Not all?" was the quick query, of the proprietor; "not all? I hoped, sir, we could find you everything."

"Why, it is a little out of your line, Mr. ——."

"Out of our line? Not at all, sir."

"Oh, you are quite sure of that, are you, Mr. ——?"

"Quite certain, sir."

"Well, then," continued the captain, laughingly, "I want a wife."

"Step this way, sir," and the astonished military man followed.

He went through strange labyrinths and up and down stairs innumerable. *En route* the proprietor communicated these facts.

About three or four months prior a beautiful, highly-educated girl, of an excellent family, who had lost her parents, and with them all resources, applied to him for employment. He had, after listening to her story, though she was a novice to business, been touched by her friendless situation, and employed her. He had not been disappointed. He had found her a worthy and exemplary girl.

The captain was piqued. He saw and admired. He bought of her, and introduced himself. He came often, bought more, and upon inquiry found all particulars to have been truthfully stated. On her side his manners and appearance pleased the girl, and when he told her the story of how his last want had been mentioned to the proprietor of the establishment, and been promptly met, it ended in a hearty laugh on both sides—but after the laugh within three days they were married, and she is on her way to India. Finally, this is no romance, but a fact.

THE HERZEGOVINA.

"Who is this Herr Zegovina, anyway?" said a young lady the other evening at a mixed party; "is he the new tenor that came out with Titiens, or is he in the Salvini line?" "Why, how absurdly you do talk, Phœbe!" replied another young lady; "just as if every one didn't know that it was a new sort of dress. I saw the pattern in the *Journal*, and it's just lovely. It's shirred and gored, and cut bias, and folded on itself, and trimmed with knife plaiting of the material." Here the young lady was interrupted by a corroborative young man, who remarked that she was just talking. "Herr Zegovina," said this gentleman, "is French for her pull back, you know." Another young man, who had had the advantage of foreign travel, set them all right with the loftiness of conscious superiority. "The Herzegovina," he explained, "is the national dance of the Hungarian peasantry, like the cachuca, or the bolero, or the fandango, or the Ranz des Vaches, or the balalaika, you know. Many times have I seen them bounding in its airy measures, while the heavy minarets and mimosas waved their tops in——" "I beg your pardon," observed another innocent who had been abroad; "I think you are confounding it with the Hogoverizina—a sort of polka which I saw danced by the Hungarians, and also by the Dalmatians and Dardanelles. Herzegovina is a light Albanian wine, and a good deal like Rudesheimer." "Ah, you are right," admitted the first traveler; "the similarity of sound deceived me." The explanation did not, after all, prove satisfactory, and the young ladies who thirsted after knowledge prosecuted still further inquiries. A truthful young man responded: "I thought from the fuss the papers were making it was a new sort of game like bunko." Finally an appeal was made to the wealthy and experienced old gentlemen, who was the host of the evening, who from his wide knowledge of men and things was supposed to be well posted on every subject. "Run away, children," said the good and wise old man, as he beamed blandly on his two fair daughters; "run away and don't bother your heads about the currency question."

POSTSCRIPTS.

TENNYSON on our winter sidewalks: "I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance."

"SEE Venice and die" has been changed to "Eat beans in Boston and hurry home."

THE latest Parisian visiting cards are coated with gold leaf to the value of five hundred francs each. Housekeepers are expected to return their cards to visitors.

AMONG the illuminated devices in the city of Bombay put up by the natives on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales, was one with the words, "Tell mamma we are happy."

THERE are horrible suggestions in some of the oyster saloon signs displayed in this city. More than one of them bears the diabolical inscription, "Stewed, panned and fried families supplied." It is to be hoped that a revised punctuation would render the signs less dreadful.

ONE of the greatest curiosities in Japan to the stranger is the wonderful variety of coins that are used daily. In some instances it takes 1,000 pieces to make $1. These are called "cash," and are seldom received by foreigners, who as a general rule refuse to take them in change.

WE find the following in one of our exchanges. It sounds like one of Solomon's Proverbs: "Never insult a man because he is poor in purse or raiment; for beneath a ragged coat it may be that a muscle lies concealed that could put a bend on the oldest man in business."

THE dairymen of Dublin have raised the price of milk from four pence to five pence a quart, and decreed that the custom of giving what is called "the housemaid's sup," a sufficiency of milk for the maid's cup of tea with each measure sold, shall be abolished. They had better be careful how they innovate in the direction of abridging woman's rights.

THE law students of Michigan University have tired of taking notes, and are having them printed. A short-hand reporter takes the notes for them at each lecture in the forenoon, and then they are written out and printed in the afternoon of the same day. The enterprise is carried on by subscription, and about three hundred copies are struck off for their accommodation.

THE Parthenon at Athens, that noblest relic of Greece in her glory, is being ruined by the depredations of tourists. Every season visitors knock off limbs from the statues, pull down portions of the frieze, and break off bits of the Doric capitals. The Greeks protect the building as much as possible, and have nearly finished a museum in which to store the most valuable pieces of sculpture.

BILLIARDS are being much patronized in Paris by the ladies of the upper classes. It is a return to an old idea. The court dames were rather great at this play some tens of years ago, and wonderful accounts are reported of their prowess. A one hundred break was a common thing for the princesses of the house of Bourbon, the Duchess d'Angouleme, the Countess de Chambord, the Duchess de Montpensier, etc., etc.

AN embarrassing incident happened to a Whitehall, New York, clergyman recently. He married a couple, and when he examined the fee found it was a $100 bill. The next day the bridegroom telegraphed that it was a mistake—he meant to have handed him a $10 bill. The clergyman replied that it was too late to rectify the mistake, as he had joyfully used the money to liquidate a long standing debt.

COLONEL G. B. MALLISON, of the Bengal Staff Corps, a distinguished official, states in a recent work on the States of India (Hindostan) that the native rulers command collectively 5,232 guns, 9 390 trained artillerymen, 64 172 cavalry, and 241,063 foot soldiers. The significance of the above figures may be understood when we add that in the whole of Hindostan the European force is less than 70,000 men of all arms. The differences of race and creed among the natives of that vast peninsula alone enable the English to hold them in subjection.

PREMIER STEINBERGER'S brother, who has lately returned from visiting his august relative, says that the Premier has no annexation scheme on foot, but is simply engaged in the task of completing the civilization which the missionaries began. One of his first steps has been to impose a fine of one hundred dollars on those Legislators who enter the legislative halls in a partial or complete state of nudity. This is a movement in the right direction. The dignity of the Legislature will be increased, and if the members secure artistic tailors their personal appearance will be much more imposing.